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The Jerusalem Post
Weekend Magazine
Editor: Joanna Yehiel
Design: Ruth Kovel

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IT ALL takes place in a small art gallery, the back room of a pub called Terzo Mondo (Third World), in the centre of West Berlin. Once a month a group of Jewish leftist intellectuals gather to discuss the why and how of their identity and location: the contradictions, the frustrations, the possibilities for expression and action for people who are - to put it most crudely - victims who have returned to the scene of the crime.

They also have the pleasure of living in a cosmopolitan city with a wealth of cultural and intellectual stimulation, in what is for most of them their first language. But the pleasure is more sensed than talked about.

One member of the group, Andrea Morein, who directs and performs in a movement theatre, increasingly independent of the cultural establishment, put the "advantage" of being in Germany this way: "You are living on the wound of history. You need to deal with this (the experience of the Holocaust) in a more existential manner than any Jew anywhere else."

Like a number of participants in "The Jewish Group," Morein is the daughter of concentration camp survivors. The geography of their lives, zig-zagging across the globe, reflects their predicament. Quite a few have lived in Israel, and found that as impossible as any other place - or more so. But they come to visit.

Another woman in the group, Vienna-born Susanna Stern, has been working on a dissertation on "Comical Jews and Jewish Comedians in German Theatre" before and after the war. The "after" pursues German Jews to the U.S. Her parents live in Israel, and she visits here frequently.

Tom Strauss was born in Berlin, lived in the U.S. for many years, spent six years in Jerusalem teaching at the Hebrew University's communications department, and is now back in Berlin, working for Americans.

The only member of the group not German-born or bred was introduced to me as Nessim, the Egyptian witch doctor. From Egypt he moved with his family to Argentina, to Germany, back to Argentina, back to Germany. He is married to the daughter of a Prussian forest ranger, and works as both a physician and a gestalt therapist. When the group of a dozen or so - fewer than usual - had assembled in the back-room gallery, shaking off the rare, dry snow, he laughed and greeted a new participant: a professor of medicine whom he knew professionally - without having known he was Jewish.

I SHOULD specify that I do not know German and that I had to rely on a running translation, when the speed picked up, and a summary. I trust that the basic picture is correct, but I obviously missed the finer shades.

Once the dozen or so participants were around the table, with cups of tea, glasses of beer, bowls of soup or plates piled high with fried calamari, they got down to "business" - with more than enough banter to belie the angst of living on the wound. "Nice, huh?" Andrea said to me under the laughter. "Not like Germany any more."

A man who had just been to Israel for two weeks described the "yellow war" brewing here and related with tongue in cheek the arguments for and against the extradition of William "Nakase" to France - including the assurance of the chief rabbi of France that kosher food was available in French jails.

He had met with someone from the far left, one of the pragmatic thinkers that works in Arab and Jewish communities to promote con-



(Lisa Pleskow)

tact and understanding between them - and he spread out on the table a collection of newspaper clippings and background material in English and Hebrew.

The main item on the agenda was an informal talk by Peter Moses-Krause, a good-looking man - pink, thoughtful, balding, with a closely trimmed beard. He is the publisher of a small but commercially viable press, Das Arsenal, which specializes in political and cultural affairs. The impetus behind it came from the leftist movement of the 60s; the house itself is now 10 years old and "an institution, not marginal," as he describes it.

Beginning with the point that "a publishing house is no more or less than the books that are published," he proceeded to clear up what he felt were misunderstandings about publishing in general, small presses in particular, and his own, most specifically. Much of what he said reflected the ripening of the raw, radical 60s, a coming to terms with reality and doing what you can in the circumstances.

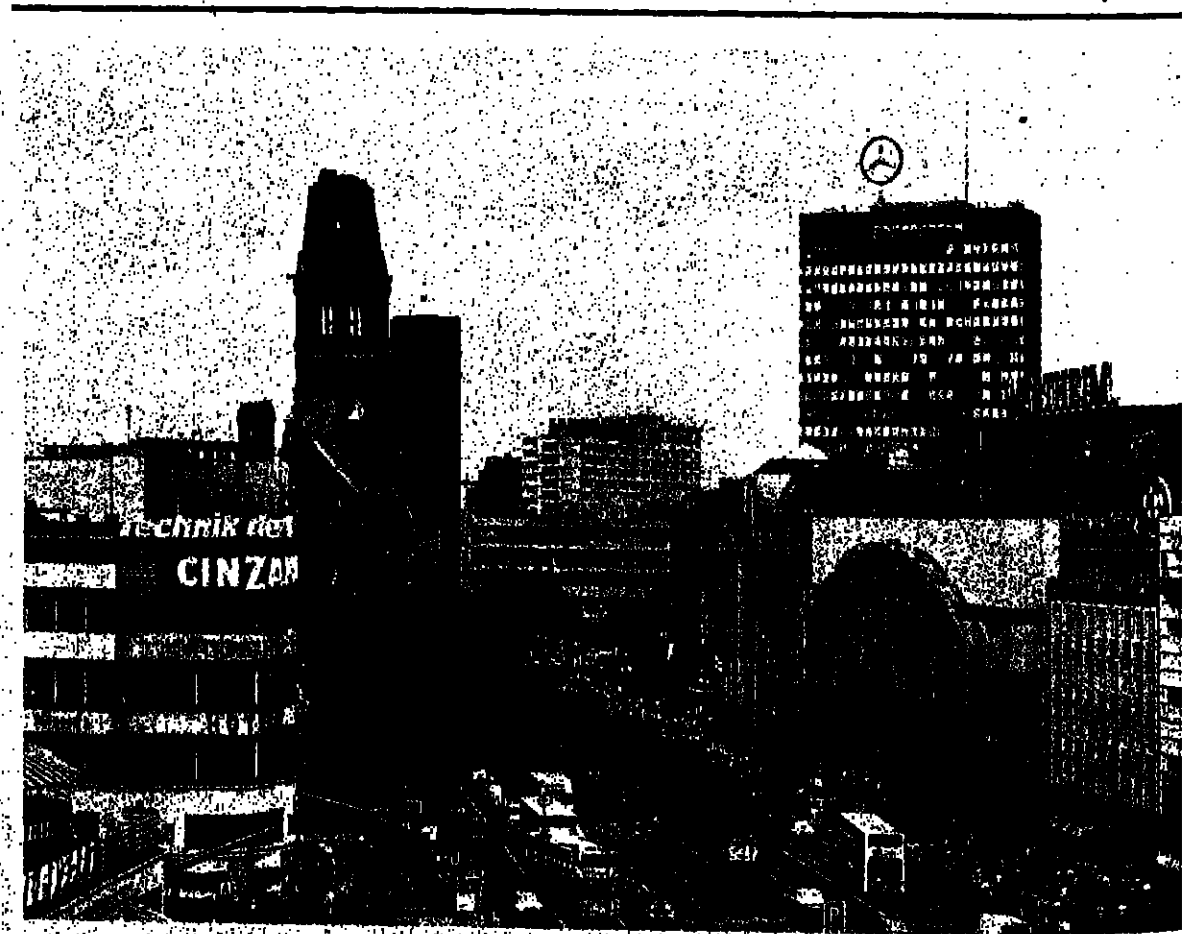
In most cases, "it isn't true that small presses publish what larger presses will not," he said, and most publishing decisions are based on economic rather than political considerations. He publishes books that will sell. His project is built on "passion for the subject and success - not just love of fellow man." He was never a socialist, never dogmatic or the follower of a party line.

His is a one-man firm, with the concomitant advantages and disadvantages. Disadvantages - limited input and lack of variety of ideas. Advantages - things are done efficiently and effectively. "It's undemocratic, but you get used to it quickly," he joked.

The first book he published was indeed one that had been rejected by a number of other houses, but ended up, telling, well, *Sprachenfresser*, which was a study of linguistic imperialism. Other books have included - but to mention some of the

Soul-searchers

Jews living in West Berlin feel comfortable - and feel guilty about feeling comfortable. The Post's Marsha Pomerantz meets 'The Jewish Group.'



West Berlin Jews - victims returned to the scene of the crime - site of the Gestapo torture chambers (top); City centre (above); the Kaiser Wilhelm church ruins and modern chapel form a peace monument. (Broderson)

more widely-known names - works by Walter Benjamin, George Grosz, and Kurt Tucholsky, as well as Charlotte Salomon's series of paintings

called *Life or Theatre?*

One of the myths he wanted to dispel in his talk was that Das Arsenal is a Jewish publishing house. In

fact, in the early days he wanted to avoid Jewish themes and Jewish authors, but that is no longer the case. He was asked why. One gets older

and the edges get rounded, he said. And besides, you can't always pick your authors. It turns out that many of the subjects he wants to treat engage Jewish writers.

Most of his presentation was low-key and soft-spoken. When the subject turned to Jewish identification, the tones rose, and the arguments flew.

Moses-Krause said that Jewish themes had been forced on him because of recent developments in Germany. He was referring to increasing evidence of anti-Semitism, particularly since the Christian Democratic Union of Helmut Kohl came to power in 1983. But other members of the group seemed dissatisfied with the way Das Arsenal's books express those themes.

When the publisher said he feels himself a part of the liberal publishing tradition that existed in Germany before 1933, members of the group accused him of trying to resume life as if the Nazi period had never existed. Someone whispered to me that Moses-Krause, early in the history of the group's meetings, had introduced himself as "a German Jew," eliciting widespread groans from the audience. Why? "There is no such thing," the commentator explained. There may be Jews in Germany, but many members of the group feel that the expression "German Jew" is a contradiction in terms.

THE ARGUMENTS became furious when the discussion turned to the last book Das Arsenal had brought out - a collection of essays called *Die verheissene Stadt* (The Promised Land) - which is about German Jewish immigrants who settled in New York. The fury focused on the last essay in the book, by a woman whose parents survived the Holocaust, and apparently drenched her with their memories when she was growing up in New York. Her response was to go back to Germany and marry a non-Jew.

Around the table in the small gallery of Terzo Mondo, Moses-Krause was accused of advocating the position described in the last essay, of suggesting that it was possible to resume business as usual. He, in turn, insisted that the essay was description, not advocacy. But clearly the vehemence of the argument derived from its reverberation with other debates over the years.

The quicker the thrusts, the more the translation lagged. Since publishing was the subject of the evening, perhaps it would be illuminating just to note some of the books mentioned in the course of the argument: a few signposts. One woman of the post-war generation mentioned the book of German landscapes her father took with him when he went to Israel to escape the Nazis - and brought back when he returned to Germany to live.

Another mentioned George Steiner's *Language and Silence*, which deals with the impossibility of expression after Auschwitz, and the use of silence, by Samuel Beckett and Paul Celan, for instance, to say the unsayable.

A third mentioned a recent book by a writer named Sivkovski describing the emotionally shattered young Jews living today in Germany and Austria - a description felt by some members of the Berlin group to be too extreme.

Finally, they talked about a book by Gerhard Zwerenz, whose novel was the inspiration for Werner Fassbinder's anti-Semitic play *Garbage, the City and Death*, which was taken off stage in Frankfurt about a year ago, after only a press preview, because of vigorous opposition from the Jewish community. Zwerenz, who seemed to be defending Fassbinder during the controversy, takes a step back in the latest book and

acknowledges that the younger generation of leftists may have been motivated in part by subliminal anti-Semitism.

Andrea Morein had explained a distinction to me earlier that seems central to the quandary of Jews on the left today. The teachers of people like Zwerenz and the generation

For better, for worse



Andrea Morein (Lisa Pleskow) with *kablanin* in Hebrew: contractors.

She is in two minds about the success of the Jewish community in aborting the run of the Fassbinder play. On the one hand, she feels "very proud that the Jews did that." That her father, who had spent four years in a concentration camp and had never before read a Fassbinder play, emerged from his silence to demonstrate.

"Yet for German society, something important got stopped. ...It robbed the Germans of a chance to talk about their silenced side."

In principle she is against censorship, but she was glad to hear the Jews get up and say, "We pay

taxes here." For Israelis, that brings up the local arguments about support of public theatres and whether the supporters have the right to determine what is presented in them - or what recourse the injured parties have. For Jews in Germany, that argument is a distant one; "This is a question of a war wound," she says.

MOREIN DOESN'T consider herself politically active, though many members of "The Jewish Group" are. "I'm in those contexts because they make me think," she explains. And some of her thinking makes others uncomfortable.

At a conference held by Jews on philo-and-anti-Semitism, the writings of Hannah Arendt were one focus of attention, and a talk by a French activist against racism was another.

"I wanted to talk about identity non-reactively. I said 'Let them, the Germans, talk about anti-Semitism. I don't need them to define me any more.'"

The response, she said, was a feeling of release - but combined with puzzlement. They weren't sure exactly what to talk about. "People hadn't arrived at that point emotionally."

Morein does seem to be getting

there herself, and some of her "metamorphosis" reflects, and is reflected by, her work. She has been a director in both established and "non-established" German theatres; she has studied with Peter Brooke. One of her interests is in performing the same piece in a theatre setting and then in a totally unexpected location, such as an airport.

"When something is performed in a theatre, we look at it and walk away and leave our feelings in that place," she says. In a non-theatre context, the distancing is not so easy. The piece she did in the airport was based on figures of Orpheus and Eurydice: "They were the two lovers, but they couldn't recognize each other in the light."

Now 36, she is developing a solo piece which is the most direct confrontation with the Holocaust that she has ever attempted in her work. "Part of me is in Israel. Part of me is in Ghettoeland. Part of me is in Zombieland."

It's not clear where she might go if she leaves Berlin. All she knows is this: For a long time she felt that she didn't really live where her body was. "The only way I can leave here is by arriving here...I say: 'Okay, now. What is this Me?'"



Making their voices heard: graffiti-covered Wall divides East from West Berlin.

(Lisa Pleskow)

So, some Jews on the left have felt the need to distinguish themselves from the positions of other leftists. It was during the Lebanon War, when criticism of Israel's policy took on anti-Semitic tones, that Jewish leftists, also opposed to the war, felt the need to define their own stand. The Berlin group now meeting at Terzo Mondo began then, and grew larger with such events as Chancellor Kohl's and President Reagan's visit to the SS cemetery at Bitburg, and the staging and unstaging of the Fassbinder play. The group is by no means united in its stands, but needs this forum in which to consider the questions.

When the arguments over Das Arsenal and all the rest finally ended, the evening concluded with a reminder from a grey-haired woman who was described to me as a long-time Communist: she distributed fliers announcing events commemorating the murders of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. Founders of the German Communist Party, they were killed on January 15, 1919, by German soldiers who were taking them to prison. An official demonstration in their memory had been held in East Berlin already - with 200,000 participants, according to East German television, which devoted most of its half-hour evening broadcast to the event.

She also announced a demonstration in support of Lebanese refugees, and against the tightening of residency rules that would lead to their expulsion.

As we got up to leave, Tom Strauss, who had been doing much of the translating for me, summarized the soul-searching: "The thing is that Jews feel comfortable in Berlin and feel guilty feeling comfortable in Berlin." I repeated that observation to another member of the group, expecting some sort of resistance. "Maybe," she said.

The group adjourned. About half the members went to another pub, where they proceeded to be silly and witty and almost normal.

SHE JUMPED in the deep end 20 years ago, when she took some liquid LSD on a lump of sugar, and saw light and colours. "I had smoked a joint before that," she relates, "but it had no effect on me: LSD was my first drug experience. I took it two or three more times, and then I gave up my job."

Let's call her "Lilith." She is 39, married, blond, slim, articulate, intelligent. Addicted to heroin "on and off" for 15 years, an Israeli for less than 10, her Hebrew still bears the traces of her Parisian origin.

She has now come to the stage when she is determined to liberate herself from drugs for good, and she is receiving assistance from the Jerusalem Institute for Drug Problems on Bethlehem Road.

"I think their approach is the sanest I've ever heard of - in theory," she says. "The idea is to get your life sorted out first, and then worry about getting off drugs. They have helped me with accommodation, work, my marriage, and now I am trying to sort out my personal problems. But it is taking so long: I feel I'm doing it on my own."

Dr. Jordan Scher, who heads the institute, says that, in fact they try to detoxify all their clients as soon as possible. "Concentration on drugs alone is meaningless," he declares. "You have to get at the root causes. You can get the addicts off drugs in a day or a week or a month; the trick is to keep them off, and that involves helping them to rehabilitate themselves, so that they won't need drugs."

Lilith's problem is that she has become addicted to adolan (called methadone in other countries), which is officially distributed, and should only be used as a way of getting off heroin.

"This is the first time I have taken adolan for kicks," she explains. "In the past, in Europe, I used it to get off heroin. Here, I started using it for its own sake because the heroin is such garbage in Israel."

While she has praise for the institute, she is scornful about the way adolan is distributed in Israel, which, she feels, causes addiction to the drug and fosters a black market.

It is far too easy to obtain adolan, she maintains. Anyone, she says, can take a small quantity of any drug to get it in his urine, and then go and register at Medicate in Tel Aviv. He has a urine test and gets a week's prescription. After five weeks, he is a registered addict on a weekly dose. He gets his prescription in Tel Aviv, and picks up seven bottles a week at one of the authorized pharmacies.

"Half of them aren't addicts at all," she claims. "They sell the adolan on the streets. In Holland, you have to drink your dose in the pharmacy."

Officials dealing with drug abuse point out that all countries dealing with the problem of hard drugs issue prescriptions for adolan, in the hope of weaning the addicts from heroin, or at least keeping tabs on them.

No country has actually succeeded in reducing drug abuse, they point out. There is no magic formula. All one can hope for is to limit the increase in drug taking, and cure some of the addicts.

At one time adolan was obtainable at many pharmacies. In an attempt to regulate the supply, the Health Ministry authorized Medicate, which is run by two doctors in Tel Aviv, to issue prescriptions for adolan, and some dozen pharmacies around the country to sell it.

Asked why the addict gets his whole week's supply of seven bottles in one go, one official pointed out that in the U.S. it has been found that a high proportion of addicts can't cope with the burden of coming every day to the pharmacy. They drop out, and return to crime, in order to buy heroin on the street.

THE VOICE OF THE ADDICT

The Labour and Social Affairs Ministry and the Israel Police last week released the latest statistics on drug-related crimes. Next month, experts are due to discuss the problems of drug abuse at Beit Hanassi. Daniel Gavron talks to an addict who believes that serious mistakes are being made in the way addiction is being treated in this country.



In an attempt to cut down the black market, the Health Ministry has reduced the concentration of adolan sold. The logic is that the addicts only get just what they need, and don't have any left over to sell. "Nonsense," counters Lilith. "Cutting down the concentration in an arbitrary manner has made the black market worse. The addicts are going crazy, trying to get their previous quantity of adolan. They are beating down my door, and making the most fantastic offers for an extra bottle."

Jordan Scher doubts this; but he thinks there might be a case for a more gradual reduction of the concentration on an individual basis. About a year ago, the concentration in authorized pharmacies was 100 milligrams of adolan in 100cc. of water. Then it was cut to 60mg.

In the U.S., notes Scher, it has been found that addicts who were allowed to set their own doses settled on 60mg. He fully supported the cut to 60; but a recent further cut, to 40mg, was "a policeman's solution to the problem, rather than a doctor's approach." They wanted to cut the black market by cutting the surplus that the addict might have sold off, he explains.

Lilith's next point is that there are no residential centres for getting off drugs. The Health Ministry is working on the problem; but Scher warns against putting too much faith in such centres. He states that Israel must find its own solutions, and not necessarily copy the U.S. and other countries. He believes in the "out-patient approach" of the institute, which he leads.

"In the final analysis it depends on the patients themselves," he says. "We want them to solve their problems in their own environment, to take responsibility for detoxifying. In a residential centre, he points out, it is all done for the addict. There are some who need a residential centre, he concedes, but not every addict will find it the best solution.

"Once again," he stresses, "The

centre does succeed in some degree, he maintains. An examination of 50 recent cases showed a success rate of over 70 per cent in weaning addicts from hard drugs, such as heroin.

With a staff of eight, the institute is treating some 150 addicts. Taking into consideration that it must also deal with the families of the addicts, they are offering assistance to over 300 people; but this is probably only about 10 per cent of the drug users in Jerusalem.

Part of the problem, suggests Scher, is the reluctance of doctor and hospitals to help deal with the problem. "They are afraid that they are dealing with New York-type violent street junkies," he says. "The Israeli addict on the whole is a very different type. We need more understanding for the addict as a person in need of psychotherapy."

He appeals for greater awareness and more humanity on the part of doctors, health officials and the general public.

This attitude is conveyed rather more pitifully by Lilith: "If you smoke 60 cigarettes a day and end up in a cancer ward, you are treated with compassion; but if you take heroin and come to a hospital for help, you are treated as a filthy junkie!"

How did Lilith, raised in a normal petit-bourgeois French home, become "a filthy junkie"? Her story is inconsistent, at times contradictory. There is no doubt an element of fantasy in it; but it contains a core of truth. It is a sad story, a story of weakness, stupidity, of laziness and amorality. It could be the story of any one of us - or any one of our children.

LILITH is the daughter of a Jewish mother and a gentile father. She says the marriage was a happy one, and the home, with three daughters, warm and loving; but she and her younger sister both became drug addicts, with only the eldest daughter going straight.

"My mother died when I was 21," she recalls, "but I was 'tripping' long before that."

She went to a good school; but was dyslexic at a time when little was known about the condition. Her learning problems were "solved" by putting her at the back of the class and ignoring her. At the age of 13, she almost had a nervous breakdown; but she was prevailed upon to remain in school, albeit without notable success.

At the age of 16, she went to art college to study graphics. Here she excelled, "which gave me a terrific boost." She left after two years with a good diploma and got a job.

She shared a flat on the left bank with a fellow art school graduate and three architectural students. It was the start of the hippy movement of the mid-1960s. They smoked cigarettes; but abstained from alcohol, which was considered "bourgeois."

She smoked cannabis without it affecting her; but her curiosity was roused by her boyfriend, one of her flatmates, who kept on receiving mysterious phone calls. After persistent nagging, he disclosed that he was going to get a "new, dangerous, unknown drug from the U.S." It turned out to be LSD. She took it once, twice, three times, and then left her job. She has never really been off drugs since.

Soon she had left her boyfriend for "a luxurious apartment occupied by Californian drug freaks." Hitherto, drug taking had been a rather solemn affair, accompanied by incense, burning, prayer and meditation. Now it became pure fun: extrovert, exhibitionist, hedonistic.

"We were the acid jokers of Paris," she says. "I travelled with a passport, a toothbrush, and a little bag, around my neck with rolling

papers and cannabis." Her journeys took her to Morocco, where her new, Dutch boyfriend was imprisoned for drug smuggling, and then back home to her widowed father.

"He was a good father," she says, "but reticent; he didn't know about my habit, and he didn't want to know."

She returned to Morocco, and helped to secure her boyfriend's release from prison. The two of them subsequently settled in Amsterdam and she had a baby; but, by then, her companion was a heroin addict. She tried to get him to stop.

"We had terrible fights," she recalls. "I would smash his syringes and scatter his powder on the floor. We beat each other black and blue."

However, eventually, she succumbed and for a time they were both addicted to opium. Her boyfriend supported the habit with petty crime, and was sometimes caught and sentenced to imprisonment. On one occasion, when he was in jail, a friend came round to the flat, who was trying to get rid of his heroin addiction.

"You don't understand what it is until you have taken it," he told Lilith. The challenge was too much. She had to try injecting heroin, and after that she became a real addict, and has been ever since.

She found that she had more "understanding" for her boyfriend. When he came out of jail, they sold most of their possessions to buy heroin. Before too long, she had started smuggling hashish to finance her heroin purchases, which entailed travelling as far afield as Afghanistan and Canada.

"I was 25," she recalls. "I had no interest in not being 'stoned'. I could not face life's problems without the help of drugs."

Arrested in Canada, she was sentenced to seven years in prison, but only served two and a half. She returned to Amsterdam to find her boyfriend with another woman, and her son - now five-years-old - taken by his grandparents.

She tried to get her child back; but she could not find a lawyer to take her case. The boy is now 15, and she has not seen him since then.

"I shudder to think what he must be like," she says. "My boyfriend's parent made such a mess of their own children." She speaks with sincerity, apparently unconscious of the illogicality in the assumption that she would have been a more suitable parent.

"In jail you always learn a trade," she says. "I learnt to be a prostitute." She had been detoxified in prison; but became addicted again as soon as she returned to Amsterdam. "I thought I'd kicked it," she recalls. "But at the first opportunity I was on drugs again."

Now she supported her addiction with prostitution, easily earning the necessary \$150 per day. After a few more months in Amsterdam, she returned home and married the first man she met, a Jewish hairdresser, six years younger than herself.

She had become interested in the Rajneesh, an Indian guru who lived in Poona, and was determined to visit him. Her husband, who had first objected to her continuing as a prostitute, was by now an addict, and agreed to her returning to the street, to finance their habit and pay their fare to India.

They detoxified themselves at the ashram in Poona, but, by the time they left India, six months later, they were opium addicts. Back in Europe, the opium ran out, and they returned to heroin.

Lilith had inherited some money from her mother; but it had been tied up in some trust. Now it was released and she received a sum equivalent to about NIS 2,500.

"It was just enough to pay our debts and buy a one-way ticket to Israel," she comments. "I felt I had been almost everywhere else. My mother had promised me a trip to Israel for my 21st birthday, but had not lived to carry it out. I felt I should use the balance of her money to come here."

Her husband had not wanted to come. Part of his conventional Jewish background had included trips to Israel and a summer on a kibbutz; but she persuaded him that, in Israel, they would be safe from drugs.

"I had never heard about a drug problem in Israel," she says with a

meek smile. "I really thought you didn't have it here."

They detoxified on a Galilee kibbutz, without anyone suspecting; but they were still followers of the Rajneesh and wore red clothes. The kibbutz, suspicious of cults, asked them to leave, and they came to Jerusalem. They started off in a hostel run by former junkies trying to kick the habit; but, before too long, they were addicted again.

They started on adolan, because the Israeli heroin was of such bad quality. Lilith freely admits that she did not sign on at Medicate for a cure. She wanted the adolan for kicks, she confesses; but insists that now she really is attempting a final cure.

Her husband has not quite reached her stage, she says. "I am trying to cure myself - he is trying to try." But she feels that she is making slow progress.

When she heard there was to be a conference on drug abuse at Beit Hanassi, she started composing a letter to President Herzog, putting forward her ideas for changing the system of adolan distribution and establishing a residential home for detoxification.

"I am not a psychiatrist or a psychologist, or any formal expert," the letter reads, "but as an ex-addict I can offer some thoughts, realities and possibly some solutions on this frightening and taboo subject."

Lilith may never send the letter; but she is determined to live a drug-free life, and keep to help others avoid the perils of drug abuse. "If my Hebrew was better, I'd volunteer to speak in schools," she says. She hopes that the conference at Beit Hanassi will not only be "for experts and eggheads," but that the voice of the addict will also be heard.

She may be weak, inconsistent and unreliable. She may make it back to normal life, or she may not. She may also have a point. Perhaps the rest of us should start listening more carefully to her and other addicts and ex-addicts. We certainly don't want to turn them into heroes; but surely they - better than anyone - can tell us about the horrors of that particular road to hell.

Numbered among them

TWO HUNDRED thousand Israelis have experimented with drugs at least once in their lives, and 10,000 are addicted, according to estimates which Labour and Social Affairs Minister Moshe Katsav recently gave reporters.

Three thousand addicts have developed disabilities as a result of drug use and receive disability pensions from the National Insurance Institute.

Fifty drug-users annually pay for the habit with their lives. "I don't think the Israeli public is sufficiently aware of the seriousness of the problem," the minister said. "There is a tendency to give drug dealers high social status because of their wealth, even among people who know how they got the money, and entertainers or sports personalities who take drugs are admired and imitated, instead of being scorned by society."

The drug problem has become more serious since the war in Lebanon, he said, both because that country is a source of smuggled drugs and also because the war (like the Yom Kippur War before it) raised questions about human life and values.

THOUGH HIS ministry is about to establish a therapeutic community for treatment of addicts, Katsav

said he has no illusions about treatment. "Professionals have developed 43 different theories on how to treat addicts. The therapeutic community is only one of them."

The community, made possible in part by money raised from abroad by Mrs. Aviva Najach, will only be able to treat 20 addicts a year, at least at the beginning.

The higher priority, Katsav said, has to be prevention. This includes police efforts to stop the flow of drugs, as well as efforts by his own ministry, the Ministry of Education and others to prevent new drug users from developing a habit.

"There is a difference in treatment, obviously, between the one-time hashish smoker, the chronic hashish smoker and the individual addicted to hard drugs. However, ideologically, we have a duty to speak out against experimenting with hashish and other so-called 'soft' drugs in order not to give legitimacy to drugs in general."

Katsav is going to propose to the cabinet the establishment of a central authority for dealing with drug abuse in order to increase cooperation between the various ministries, voluntary organizations and other agencies involved in the battle. Meanwhile, his ministry's budget

for dealing with drug problems will increase fourfold (from NIS 50,000 to NIS 200,000) despite budget cuts. "I know even 200,000 is a drop in the bucket," he said, "but when the budget is being cut, it's hard to do even that much."

Ruth Feinberg, head of the ministry's Drug Abuse Unit, gave some more details about the 50 drug-related fatalities reported each year. Some are from diseases developed by chronic drug-users, she said, while others are sudden and apparently the result of adulterated drugs, allergy to the drug, or other factors.

An alarming statistic, she said, is that in 85 per cent of these deaths methadone (either alone or in combination with other drugs) was present and may have been the cause or a contributory factor.

The reason this is so disturbing is that methadone is provided legally by the Health Ministry as a substitute for illegal drugs in treating over 4,000 of the country's 10,000 addicts. Controlled use is probably safe, she said, but in view of the data on deaths, the whole policy should be reconsidered. She and her colleagues at the Ministry of Labour and Social Affairs prefer social treatment rather than providing substitute drugs.

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Where Once Reigned
The Desert
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Keep Israel Beautiful

THE VISION OF Emmanuel, the haredi town tucked away in the virgin Shomron hills, is a sort of parody of this country's pioneering spirit. Instead of hearty pioneers drying swamps and tilling the land, strengthening the Jewish people's bond with the land of their fathers by the sweat of their brow, half the pale, black-clad male population of Emmanuel spends all its time studying in *kolelim* and existing on contributions from abroad. The other half works in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem and the wig-wearing women work in local shops, workshops and offices, when they're not looking after the children.

The entrepreneurs who conceived the town were well aware of the financial potential of an all-ultra-Orthodox town. Bnei Brak and Jerusalem's haredi neighbourhoods are over-populated and expensive. Hundreds of haredi families would — and did — jump at the opportunity to buy an apartment for half the price of one in the city, in a totally haredi town not far from Bnei Brak itself. It was an ideal combination of the haredi dream and a money-making project.

The collapse of the companies formed to build Emmanuel, Kochav Hashomron Ltd. and Kochav Hashomron (Emmanuel), revealed irregularities and apparent offences unconnected with that vision. Rather, the investigation into the affair revealed that the entrepreneurs who conceived Emmanuel were more concerned with profits than with the haredi city in the Shomron. These entrepreneurs allegedly acted against the interests of the companies they built, and at the expense of hundreds of families, who had invested all their savings in a home in Emmanuel and were now left homeless and penniless.

THE FOUR original owners of Kochav Hashomron left the company a little more than a year after they founded it, with the tidy sum of almost \$1.5 million each. It was this deal which led soon afterwards to the companies' collapse and to the cessation of all building in Emmanuel, the court-appointed receiver discovered while investigating the companies' activities.

Yair Mendel of Petah Tikva, Baruch Sternel of Savon, and Ya'akov Kaufman and Mordechai Zisser of Bnei Brak, established Kochav Hashomron in 1982. They were later joined by Pinhas Ehrenreich of Bnei Brak and Joseph Margulies, a wealthy businessman from England.

The company, which already had offices in Jerusalem and New York, set up a new headquarters in Emmanuel. At the entrance to the town, a large, four-storey, white building was constructed, with "Kochav Hashomron" inscribed on its entrance in huge letters. Its 60 offices were filled with 127 clerks, secretaries and functionaries, who had 31 vehicles at their disposal.

Some 400 apartments had already been built and a similar number were in various stages of construction, most of them already bought and paid for.

What went wrong? The owners of the two companies established to build and develop the town can be divided into two groups. The "group of four," consisting of the four entrepreneurs mentioned earlier and the Margulies group, consisting of Margulies and Ehrenreich. Three of the group of four owned 10 per cent of the companies' shares, while Baruch Sternel held 20 per cent of the shares. A seventh partner, Yisrael Harnatz owned 10 per cent of the shares, and the remaining 40 per cent were held by B&H Corpora-



BANKROLLED IN THE WEST BANK

Today, reality in Emmanuel is far from the ideal which the West Bank haredi town was intended to be. But despite the hitches and set-backs, the residents are happy — due to one man's support. Michal Yudelman reports. Photos: Andre Brutmann.



tion, registered in Panama.

Receiver Ya'akov Ne'eman, whom the court appointed to investigate the affair, said that he had not been able to discover who controlled the Panama company, but noted that rumour has it that the Margulies family of London is the direct or indirect owner.

The four partners in the "group of four" served as directors of the companies, some also served as directors-general and in other senior posts in the companies.

AT THE beginning of 1983, the receiver told the court last November in his statement, the group of four had a falling out with the Margulies group concerning the character of the town. The group of four wanted the town to be merely reli-

gious in character, while the Margulies group insisted on a haredi — ultra Orthodox — town.

These differences caused difficulties in the everyday operation of the companies and the groups decided to split up: one group would leave and sell its shares to the remaining one.

It was decided that the group of four would withdraw and transfer its shares to the Margulies group. The price, determined in a tender among all the partners, was set at \$1,475,000 for every 10 per cent of the shares.

Afterwards, the partners discussed how to "define" the price for the shares, apparently to minimize the taxes which must be paid on them. They finally decided to attribute only \$150,000 of the payment to the price of the shares and call the rest —

\$1,325,000 which was paid to the sellers on April 13, 1983 — a "non-competition" fee.

But Kochav Hashomron was already having financial difficulties. How was it to finance the "non-competition" fee? Simple, the company financed it by taking a short-term loan from Bank Tefahot.

At first, the receiver continued, the fee was to have been spread out over six years, but later the sides decided to pay it in full, in cash, in advance. The payment was made on company cheques.

FROM THAT point, it was downhill all the way for Kochav Hashomron. The companies could not afford such a large loan at that stage. They could not pay their debts and had to get more credit from the banks to cover

the large financing costs caused, among other things, by the loan for the "non-competition" payment. According to the accounts appointed for the companies after they went into receivership, the loan for the "non-competition" agreement was one of the major causes of the companies' collapse.

In my opinion, all the parties were responsible for the failure because they decided to pay such a huge sum from the companies' coffers for the agreement. The owners knew or should have known that the companies had no money to finance the non-competition agreement, and that its activities are apparently in breach of trust. A lack of understanding these activities was in direct and obvious conflict of interests between the duty as directors and their own interests as the company's shareholders, the receiver noted.

Last November, the receiver asked the Jerusalem District Court to investigate the conduct of the partners of the Kochav Hashomron companies, and to compel them — either all or one of them — to return the funds they had received. The court case is continuing and the police are investigating suspicions of criminal offences by the partners, it was learned.

EMMANUEL is located about one hour's drive from Tel Aviv. The road to the town winds through charming countryside and picturesque Arab villages. Israeli cars and Egged buses zip through these Arab villages at breakneck speed, disregarding the small children and basket-laden women or even the occasional herd of livestock straggling on their streets.

This all changes when one arrives at Emmanuel. Here cars crawl carefully on wider, better-paved streets, lined here and there with bumps intended to remind the driver that this is an inhabited place.

Emmanuel might have been a brief episode, cut short by the collapse of Kochav Hashomron. But Zaiman Margulies, the British tycoon, and Joseph's son, refused to allow the vision he had adopted from the original entrepreneurs to be shattered. He put up \$3 million to enable the receiver to continue building the town, although he had no legal obligation to do so, now that the companies are in receivership.

Bnei Brak contractor Moshe Haim Sheinfeld was appointed by the receiver to manage Kochav Hashomron and supervise the continued construction. Since his appointment, a year and a half ago, Sheinfeld has become the main address for residents' grievances and complaints in Emmanuel. When he rolls into town in his huge, chauffeur-driven American car, from which he conducts his business affairs by telephone, Sheinfeld is immediately surrounded by a crowd of people, informing him of a flooded path here, a blocked sewerage pipe there.

Sheinfeld is completing 437 apartments, whose construction had been halted with the collapse of Kochav Hashomron. He hopes to complete all of them by Passover. But after their completion, there will still be 70 families who paid for flats in Emmanuel, without a home. As yet, there is no solution for these families.

Creditors claim the companies owe them more than \$30 million. But Sheinfeld, who says he checked this out, says the initial debts are less than half of that, deducting interest and linkage, and that the creditors will probably compromise on a much smaller sum in the hope of salvaging some of their money.

Post entertainment guide

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL

"SHE'S VERY high voltage, and you have to be careful not to get electrified by her intensity. But if you're brave enough to face it, it's great, and amazing for a film."

Director Uri Barbash was describing Kelly McGillis, who stars in his new film. Its working title is *Dreamers*, though that will change, because it's been used before, and the dreamers are a group of idealistic young Zionists who come to Palestine in the early 1920s to set up a new society free of injustice and far from the budding fascism of Europe.

Kelly McGillis, star of *Witness* and *Reuben, Reuben*, plays Andia, a Viennese doctor, one of 18 young Jews who settle on rocky, infertile soil on top of a Galilee mountain, hack away at the rocks and each other's emotions, and learn to adapt their Utopian dreams to the harsh realities that surround them.

They must also come to terms with the Beduin who live there and who refuse to accept the fact that their land has been sold to the Jews by an absentee Arab landowner.

The Arab-Jewish conflict, however, is only a secondary theme in the movie, says Barbash, who directed the controversial *Beyond the Walls*. Both that film and this were written by his younger brother, Benny.

"You really only make one film throughout your life," says Uri. "Just as a poet only writes one poem, each time in a different variation. My films are about people who try to open a new chapter in their lives, who struggle against their fate and try to change the reality of their personal situations."

This film is a story about young people attempting to create a completely new society. They pay a very high price in blood, sweat and tears until they learn to compromise between their dreams and reality. The Arab-Jewish problem is only in the background. The dominant element is a love story.

It's a pretty complicated one. Yulik adores Sima, who loves Zev, who dotes on Andia, who loves Marcus and maybe Amnon (played, respectively, by Roberto Pollak, French actress Christine Boisson, Ohad Shachar, Americans Kelly McGillis and John Shea, and Arnon Zadok). By the end of the film, two people desert, one commits suicide and three others are killed.

ALTHOUGH the film is set in Galilee, exteriors are being shot near Anatot, among the barren hills northeast of Jerusalem, where Belbo Film Productions built a stockade to serve as the settlers' home, and a new road to get them there.

Producer Katriel Schory, manager of Belbo Israel, a branch of the Holland-based company owned by Dutch Jews Ludi Boeken and Ben Elkerbout, says the search for a location, which would look similar to the Galilee of those days, went on for weeks. The set will be dismantled after shooting.

Schory, incidentally, was the director of *Yankee Samurai*, the excellent documentary recently screened on Israeli TV, about Japanese-Americans who joined the American army even though their families were unjustly interned in America after Pearl Harbor.

He chose that subject, an unusual one for an Israeli film-maker, both because of its intrinsic value and because it paralleled the story of his own father and many other Jews



A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

"who," he points out, "were captured by the British trying to get into Palestine during World War II, were put into detention camps, and then volunteered to fight with the British, who had interned them, against their mutual enemy."

Schory explains that the \$2 million Israeli production of *Dreamers*, Belbo's first feature film following numerous documentaries and television shows, is being shot in English "because to raise this kind of money, we had to go outside Israel for financing and distribution — by the Hemdale Film Corporation in Hollywood — and the conditions set were that the dialogue be in English and the cast include American stars."

THE STARS in this film, however, are really part of an ensemble, and that's one reason Kelly McGillis agreed to do the film. "It eases the pressure, being part of a group," she says. "The 18 people in the group are on screen 90 per cent of the time."

"I used to get really crazy when I was working because of the terrible pressure," she grimaces. "When you're beginning, there's always the fear of failing. I'd start crying hysterically. Now I'm feeling more comfortable and assured. That's part of growing up, I guess."

She had just finished a tough scene. Climbing among the magnificent hills, she was dirty and disheveled, one finger smashed by the rocks she and her fellow-pioneers were laboriously dislodging. She had been vainly trying to feed a horse from her hand. But the horse had just been



(Top) *Dreamers* — compromising dreams with reality. (Above) McGillis.

fed hay by mistake, and wasn't interested.

"Damn," complained Kelly, with a hearty laugh befitting her wholesome 1.78m. frame. "I hate temperamental actors!"

She was, she says, "a terribly fat and terribly ugly teenager and nobody would ask me out." That youthful insecurity has stuck, and she is convinced she's still fat and certainly not beautiful. The lack of self-confidence permeates her professional life as well, even though she's had nothing but successes, filming her first starring role while still at school, and catapulting to the top in her second film, *Witness*, opposite superstar Harrison Ford.

Since then, she's made the successful *Top Gun* and has spent the past year on location for two films. *Made in Heaven* is about to be released, and she's already reading scripts for her next job. But none of that convinces her that she has arrived.

"It's a terribly insecure profession," she explains, looking insecure. "I grew up reading about Hollywood stars who couldn't get a job for years. I worry about whether I will ever work again. That's scary for me. I can't go home again. I'm 30 years old and I left when I was 16. And realistically, I can't go back to waiting tables any more, as I did

Focus

Pearl Sheffy Gefen

while I was studying. That would be a joke."

"What about getting married?" "Oh, I couldn't do that. I'm too independent. Certainly there's a part of me that wants that, but it would have to be with somebody who understood that I love to work and I love to be independent. I don't believe in the traditional roles of husband and wife. I don't think those roles exist today."

KELLY MCGILLIS, who comes from a long line of doctors, studied acting for four years at the famous Juilliard School in New York.

"I don't know how I got in," she chuckles, "because I was rather rude. I auditioned along with thousands of others, and they asked me to play in the mud, to improvise, you know. And coming from Newport Beach, California, I'd never played in the mud in my life."

"They kept talking the whole time I was doing it, so I finally stopped and said, 'Excuse me, do you have something to say?' They got very snippy and said 'No,' so I said 'Fine,' and I left. I thought they would never take me, but they did."

"I auditioned for two schools in New York, but the other didn't accept me."

She was chosen to play opposite Tom Conti in *Reuben, Reuben* while she was still studying at Juilliard and also acting in a Restoration comedy. She had been paying her way through school as a waitress, and when she graduated, went back to waiting tables until *Reuben* was released.

Then director Peter Weir saw *Reuben*, called Kelly to test for *Witness*, and she hit the big time. "I had a huge cold sore on my face, so I took the test with my hand covering my

(Continued on page E)

Cinema Dan Fainaru

IT IS fascinating to go back to Akira Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood* (1957) after seeing his recent *Ran*. Comparisons are inevitable, since both are based on Shakespeare plays (*Macbeth* and *King Lear* respectively). Both have been placed in a Japanese historical context, and both display some flamboyant cinematic virtuosity. But this is as far as the similarity goes, for the approach to the original texts is quite different: the purpose has changed, and so has the attitude of the director.

Ran was obviously the picture of an aging artist disenchanted with life's illusions and bitterly ironic about human vanities, a man who has too often experienced the abyss of personal disappointment, and despair to retain any hope of his fellow men, or faith in a universal scheme ordering man's existence. Affection, fidelity, valour, justice, all these concepts are emptied of sense. Fate makes a mockery of every wise action designed by human beings, be they kings or paupers.

Throne of Blood is quite a different proposition. It was made by a director who was still in his forties, energetically trying to make sense of life's and art's patterns, sufficiently entranced by his occupation to indulge in an "experiment," as he defined this film. Even the choice of the play indicates the different frame of mind. *Macbeth*, after all, is about a warrior, a man of action, insecure in his achievements and always seeking more. *Lear* is about a war-lord who has seen too much action, who in his senile foolishness divests himself of his power in favour of his heirs, seeking only peace, quiet and rest.

It is as if these two tragic heroes are reflections of Kurosawa himself at two different points in his life. Seeing them one after the other, one cannot help feeling he is facing two portraits of the same futility, seen from two different angles.

THERE IS little doubt that *Throne of Blood* is first and foremost an experiment. After films such as *Rashomon* and *Ikiru*, Kurosawa could certainly have woven a much richer narrative fabric for this film had he wished. Even if he did not originally intend to direct the picture himself, as Donald Richie, the most well-informed source on Japanese cinema maintains, it is still an unusually spare frame he has chosen to use.



AN EARLY KUROSAWA

Faithful in every detail of the plot to the original play, Kurosawa appears intentionally to have avoided burdening it with too much flesh. When you consider that Orson Welles made almost a horror film out of the same play, a sort of existentialist tour of man's tortured subconscious, Kurosawa's approach seems detached, cool, some even say ice-cold.

No sympathy is wasted on any of the characters. It is as if Kurosawa, playing the scientist, analyses behavioural patterns, checks the inevitable process of cause and effect controlling human destiny, and lifts it all to a metaphorical level, a legend surrounded by mists, myths and outlandish backgrounds.

You don't have to be an authority on Noh Theatre to realize its influence here. First, by the obvious rejection of any semblance of real-

ism, not to mention the minimal amount of psychological and personal information supplied. Nowhere is the influence more pronounced than in the performance of Isuzu Yamada as a Japanese Lady Macbeth, a fiendish presence curdling the blood with her immobility, the subtle nuances of her expression, her glances, her voice. Not to mention the point made by Richie (very little can be written about Japanese cinema that he hasn't mentioned before): that the camera is kept at a considerable distance from the actors most of the time, since the Noh demands a full view of the entire figure. Which means that the close-up is a rarity here, further reducing the viewer's possibility of identifying with the hero.

The spectator is allowed the fullest scope in interpreting the story, since the director gives no help, being

concerned exclusively with a progression of facts, which you can explain to your heart's desire.

The first sequence establishes the basis for everything that is to follow. Over a desolate mist-covered, volcanic landscape (shot on the slopes of Mount Fuji) a bodiless chorus informs us about the spirit of a warrior killed by ambition roving the mountains. The same chorus and the same image wrap up the film, symbolically closing a circle, one more proof that Kurosawa intended to leave nothing unresolved in this picture. Every prophecy is followed to its bitter end; every act engenders a reaction, imposing the next act; and the outcome is pre-ordained.

THE STORY is too well known to need telling here. The names have been altered: Macbeth is Washizu, Duncan is Tazuki, Banquo is Miki; the action has been moved from medieval Scotland to medieval Japan. Otherwise, very little is changed, plot-wise. If anything, it is a simplification of Shakespeare and a demystification of Macbeth, who is motivated not only by his lust for power, but mainly by his terror of being deprived of such power as he already has. And once he has committed the first murder, the others are inevitable.

Kurosawa who has been known to raise violence to operatic dimensions, doesn't even show us the murders, for he is less concerned here with the value of human life and more with the way in which these deeds affect his protagonists.

Washizu kills Tazuki, the Lord of the Cobweb Castle, whose enemies he has just defeated in battle, because he fears that once Tazuki hears of the prophecy promising him the castle, his own life will be in danger. Then he kills a guard, in the faint hope that the murder will be blamed on him. Later, he has Miki killed, for the same prophecy has promised Miki's son the lordship, and he wants to ensure his own unborn son's inheritance. One murder follows another until finally, it is the famous promise ("Fear not till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane") that is the last defence of the terrified warrior, who has been left with nothing else. Destiny has played its final joke.

Given the unreal atmosphere of the entire picture, however, there is a strong temptation to adopt a less literal interpretation. Everything is just a reflection of Washizu's own

libido, an expression of the man's bottomless ambition, which he refuses to admit to and dissimulates under all kinds of disguises as if it is all imposed on him by outside factors beyond his control.

Like all the rest, Cobweb forest, the mighty labyrinth which has confused all the enemies who have ever tried to reach the castle, is just another symbol. It is supposed to be the vast, mysterious realm of the unconscious, from which all hopes and fears spring uncontrolled, and which, Washizu hopes, will be the one obstacle that will stop all his adversaries. A vain hope, for no one is able to penetrate its secrets and harness its power.

MUCH STRONGER than the philosophical message of this film is the visual shape in which it is wrapped. Black-and-white pictures have rarely been blacker and whiter (another Richie quote for you); the shades and quality of light become an art in themselves; the editing drives forward forcefully, rejecting any soft subterfuges replacing dissolves by wipes to indicate that there is nothing indeterminate in the events as they unfold.

The strong shapes of the castle lend their own authority to the threatening landscape. Much has been said about Kurosawa's arguments with his set designers, who fancied a taller, more elaborate castle, instead of the squat, severe dimensions which suggest that it is practically imbedded in the mountain and not built on it. The interiors are huge, empty spaces, with low, oppressive ceilings. Nature is put to service not only by the forest, but by the horses that go wild before a crime is committed, or the birds that invade the castle before the final attack on it.

As far as the acting is concerned, Noh masks would have been in place here, so frozen are the expressions on the actors' faces, as if engraved there by destiny, long before they were conscious of their fate.

Altogether, it seems as if Kurosawa has tried to depict a terrible, well-organized tragedy, using the Shakespearean model to show that men are the inevitable victims of their own ill-conceived, irreversible devices. Almost 30 years later, when he returned to Shakespeare for another model, it was for the purpose of showing there are no courses and no designs; there is only human folly which believes in them, and beyond it all, chaos.

Chinese diner would enjoy.

On the surface, Passage to India is ultra authentic. The manager, Gita Benjamin, is from Bombay, and it was from there that she recruited waiters and cooks for the restaurant. The kitchen is dominated by a large tandoor, or traditional clay oven (the name of which, I am told, is related to the Hebrew word for oven).

We began our meal with a selection of first courses, including samosas, a fried pastry filled with meat. It was when I took my first bite of the samosa that I realized that the rule in the kitchen must be "very mild indeed." This was true of the mint and coconut chutneys as well, which, though tasty, were the blandest chutneys I have ever tasted.

WHILE THERE is probably little in the Indian kitchen which cannot be reproduced within the laws of kosher, the kitchen has seemingly not yet adapted to the fact that one cannot use clarified butter. At the same time, because the food is so

mild, there is nothing to offset the rather rich, heavy nature of the cuisine.

But that did not stop me from enjoying the pakoras, little slices of vegetables fried in a batter, or the chole batura, a cooked chick-pea dish served with a light fried bread.

Indeed, as in many Indian restaurants, bread was among the highlights of the meal. In the course of our meal, we enjoyed tandoori roti and tandoori naan, a white bread and a whole wheat bread, both baked in a manner that reminds one of what we know in this country as Iraqi pitta.

For the main course, we tasted an assortment of dishes that included a tandoori platter, with a selection of the various items, chicken, turkey and lamb, all prepared in the tandoor. I am told that rather than marinate the meat in yoghurt, as is customary, it is marinated here in parve cream. This worked best with the chicken, which was tender, juicy and delicately flavoured.

Also very good was the moghlai biryani, a sort of pilaf with delicate grains of a special long Indian rice, mixed with meat and vegetables. The Kashmiri roganjosh, a mutton curry, on the other hand, seemed quite fat, again without the sharp spices that would have balanced this.

I was very happy with a side dish of aloo gobi masala, a mixture of fried cauliflower and potatoes, very heavily seasoned with cardamom and I also enjoyed a rather more liquid vegetable mixture known as makhni, with an unusual, for Indian food, sweet and sour taste.

For dessert, I tried a special halva made with almonds and cashews, served with a scattering of pink and white little sweet bits. My companion, who tried the carrot halva, seemed less happy with her choice. The Indian tea was excellent.

Though there were more than two of us and we tried a great many dishes, by my calculations a very full meal for two should come to about NIS 60.

Dance Dora Sowden

WITH THE prospect of being unable to attend the preview of Mauricio Wainrot's *Libertango*, I went to a dress rehearsal at the Bat-Dor Studios in Tel Aviv by kind permission of the artistic director, Jeannette Ordman, and of Wainrot himself. He didn't mind my being there, and the tall, blue-eyed choreographer, "In Buenos Aires, I have often held open rehearsals," he said in good English.

Wainrot is Jewish, and, as his first name also indicates, Argentinian by birth. His parents came from Poland and he and his sister were born in Argentina.

"I cannot remember when I didn't dance," he said, "but I was nearly 20 when I made my final decision to be a dancer - and to choreograph." With his father's encouragement, he began to study theatre and music, "and when I started to choreograph, I found the theatre experience very useful."

After graduating at the famous Colon School, he joined the Contemporary Dance Company founded by Oscar Araiz, becoming assistant choreographer and then director. He has taken the company to the USSR, Spain, Brazil and Uruguay in the past few years.

Now he has a base in Brussels as well as in Buenos Aires, but in the past year has spent only a few weeks at a time in either place. He has choreographed in Canada, Sweden and Germany, and he is returning to Canada to set more works for the company that performed his *Libertango* in France.

This is Wainrot's first time in Israel as choreographer but not his first visit to the country. He came in 1979 to visit an aunt living in Petah Tikva, and is much impressed at the change in Israel since then.

"I thought people were very nervous then, more worried. I think peace with Egypt must have made the change. They smile more. And the place has grown so much."

IF ISRAEL is now a surprise to him, Wainrot's *Libertango* should be something unexpected for audiences here. It is tango all right, but very different from the traditional forms - in fact, a new way to tango, fresh in movement, unpredictable in flow.

"Being Jewish, I tend to be dramatic," as I am in my *Anne Frank*, he remarked, "but in this piece I am more abstract, more relaxed perhaps." Relaxed it certainly was not, and not abstract either; for though there was no "story," the human relationships were clear and strong - and during.

Five women in black dresses barreled to below the waist, five men in grey outfits, the trousers almost as wide as "Oxford bags," and lighter coloured shirts with little bow ties - all these gave the scene a touch of humour. Yet the moves were bold, energetic and rhythmically in tune with Astor Piazzolla's robust and highly stressed music.

Wainrot had said he found the Bat-Dor dancers "very good and



Rina Shaham (Moshe Razi)

very hardworking." His choreography certainly made exacting demands on them in the well-marked stretches, the wide swings, the sudden turns, the whole stream of movement in solo, duet, trio and coordinated ensemble.

Outstanding among the 10 admirable dancers were Ilana Soprun, Fabiola Ariza and Moshe Goldberg, but the others were no less confident, competent and classy in this exciting work - light in substance but vibrating with life all the time.

LAST YEAR, Krisztina Horvath, director of the Freiburg dance company in Germany, set two of her works at the Gaiaton Studios of the Kibbutz Dance Company. At Beit Lehanim in Tel Aviv (January 25) both these works - *Paperflyer-Paperwing* and *Village Scenes* - were presented by the workshop of the company.

They both gained and lost by the transfer from the studio floor (where I first saw them) to the stage.

Paperflyer-Paperwing seemed rather constricted on the small stage, and reduced by the blankness of a white, sheet-like backdrop. The whole conception looked more suited to child than adult audiences: the "history" of flying too simply presented to provide enough of the drama of flight.

The episode about Daedalus and Icarus, and how the wings devised by the father melted when the boy flew too near the sun, may be more intelligible for grownups than children; but the tall figure (on the shoulders of another) serving as a kind of maypole, and the big wings at the end, could go straight to the hearts of children.

The way all the detail was adapted to a collage of Debussy music was worth any adult's approval.

Village Scenes, also called "Songs of Sorrow," because of the music

chosen from Bartok and Kodaly, was stronger stuff emotionally and more subtle in imagery. The core of the action was an unhappy boy-girl romance, but the ingenious use of pillows and the movements of the black-clad women conveyed a deeper, harder, more bitter experience.

There were so many promising young dancers among the 12 involved that the future of the more professional Kibbutz Dance Company is assured of membership.

IF NOTHING else, the four people from France who made up the cast of *Context* at Jerusalem's Gerard Bacher Centre (January 24) were proof that the long line of mime comedians did not end with Grotko. The four, of course, either singly or together, nowhere reached the greatness of that almost-forgotten genius, but they did from time to time lapse into his kind of humour.

First there was the pianist - in white tie and tails which he removed to sit in his shirtsleeves. Grotko used to push the piano to the stool. This player's stool broke under him, and he had to get another.

His playing thereafter, however, was quite "straight" - a potpourri of Saie, Poulenc and quite as obviously his own concoction. As there was no programme, he, like the other three, must remain nameless here.

There were two men nimble on their feet, with dancers' awareness of rhythm even in silence, but with such a strong sense of the absurd that it overlaid the dance element. One of them was also a reminder of Grotko: he had a bald head. But not everything the two did was funny. They did crazy things with brooms. They dragged an apparently dead girl all over the floor (she came alive on her own). They fought and they hugged, fell and leaped up.

It was clowning akin to buffoonery, but droll enough to be own cousin to dance. You could call it avant garde if you are so minded, or just punk if you aren't.

RINA SHAHAM - dancer-choreographer-teacher-director - has been giving lecture-demonstrations of dance in its association with music, poetry and props. With two other dancers, she has been appearing at various venues in the Tel Aviv area. The events take place under the umbrella of Jeunesse Musicale. There have been 10 to date.

A NEW production of *Swan Lake* by London's Royal Ballet has a link with Israel. The designer of the decor is Yolanda Sonnabend, whose late father, Dr. Henry Sonnabend, was the first mayor of Ashkelon when it was rehabilitated with South African financial aid. She has designed many important productions for the Royal Ballet.

The gala premiere at the Royal Opera House on March 12 is for the benefit of the Benesh Institute of Choreology (a dance notation system). It will be attended by Princess Margaret.

Musical notes Eli Karev

SHOW COACH



WHILE SOME of the world's greatest pianists were parading their art night in and night out at Tel Aviv's sold-out Mann Auditorium in tribute to Arthur Rubinstein's memory, quite a different activity was taking place at the Jerusalem Music Centre. The musician conducting master-classes there was also a world renowned pianist but he does not perform as a soloist with orchestras or give piano recitals. Mikael Eliassen's slice of the action is working with singers as accompanist and coach.

In a profession brought to the consciousness of the musical public only recently by Gerald Moore, Eliassen has few peers. He has toured Europe, the Soviet Union, North America (where he now lives), the Far East and Australia. He teaches at the prestigious Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, leads the vocal summer school in Salt Lake City, serves as the artistic director of the European Music Centre in Belgium and conducts master-classes the world over.

Is there a difference between piano soloists and accompanists? "I hope there is none," says Eliassen. "Both make music through the same medium, both share a love for the instrument. Too often, though, failed soloists become accompanists; this is a tragedy."

Instrumental command is no less a must for the accompanist than for a solo performer, he maintains. Even if the technical demands in the piano parts of Schumann's or Mahler's songs are not quite as extravagant as those in a Liszt concerto, the manual control remains the same.

To keep in shape, he practises technical exercises every day. "Working with singers, one is prone to pay less attention to the pianistic side. My teacher in Vienna, the late Dieter Weber whom I worked with for five years, made a point of demanding of me all the things he asked of the aspirants for solo career. This is the right attitude."

WHAT IS IT that makes one choose accompanying? Eliassen, who says he has never had any soloist aspirations, believes a certain combination of musical and personal qualities leads to the choice. "First, one has to be a pianist and fine musician. Second, one has to like working with other people. You have to derive

satisfaction from the dialogue on the stage and to be able to respond very quickly. Finally, an accompanist must be a good psychologist."

The secret of fruitful artistic collaboration lies in not letting one's ego be overwhelmed by that of the partner, he notes, but rather merging it with the other person's ego. Conversely, there should be no intent of imposing one's conception on somebody else.

For Eliassen, the essence of collaboration consists of artistic dialogue. "I never start working with an assumption that only one way of approaching a song exists. We take up a phrase and use it as a foundation for clarifying our intentions, not repeating it over and over again."

Eliassen's first steps in music were as a composer. Growing up in his native Denmark, when still in his teens, he had compositions performed "all over the place." His piano playing faithfully reflected his musical interests: "I didn't play a Beethoven sonata till I was 18, yet by 15, works by Schoenberg and Boulez were in my fingers."

His elder sister, a singer, introduced him to the vocal literature. "Eventually, my compositional inspiration dried out, while the magnificent world of voice was right there."

The main difference between the instrumental and vocal literature is, of course, the text. Even if some of the greatest lieder, notably by Schubert and Richard Strauss, feature mediocre poetry, the imagery to trigger a performer's fancy is there.

For an instrumentalist, used to abstract material, "it changes the frame of reference." Singers, on the other hand, are less used to listening to their partners than instrumental players. Eliassen as performer and teacher dedicated his efforts to merging the two into an artistic unit.

HIS PEDAGOGIC activity in this country was launched about four years ago. "Mira Zakai, with whom I was working abroad, asked if I would like to play concerts in Israel. The fees here being what they are, the only way for the trip to pay was to do something else as well. The Tel Aviv Music Academy, where Mira taught at the time, expressed an interest in master-classes, and so I came."

The classes proved a hit, and Eliassen credits Israel with providing him an opportunity to find a previously unexplored aspect of himself, one which has since greatly developed. Despite having taught on four continents, "in no other place have I as intense a relationship with singers," he said.

A gentle giant, Eliassen feels very much at home in this country. While not Jewish, his parents often discussed Israel and Judaism, so that coming to Israel became "my fantasy dream. I thought it best to come as an artist, not a tourist. I was proved right: in more ways than one, Israel has constituted one of the most profound experiences of my life."

Matters of taste Haim Shapiro

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IT WAS ONLY a matter of time for the first glatt kosher Indian restaurant to open its doors, following the unprecedented success of Chinese restaurants which are kosher enough even for the most observant Jews.

Whether glatt kosher Indian food will enjoy the same success as its Chinese counterpart is a different matter. After all, the strange affinity that Jews have for Chinese cuisine has long been a matter of interest to the scholars of ethnic foibles.

Another problem facing a kosher Indian restaurant is the wide spectrum of customers, ranging from Indian Jews, who expect food as hot as they eat at home, to complete novices, who might order their food "hot," but really want what Indians would describe as "mild." Local kosher Chinese restaurants have



WELL-BREAD

already adapted to their clientele and, like many other Chinese restaurants in the West, tend to serve many more sweet dishes than a

This Week in Israel • Th

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Ketef Hinnom — Includes the Priestly Blessing: The Oldest Biblical Inscription and other objects.

New York Now — Six new generation artists active in New York City representing recent trends from East Village Galleries — (Goldman-Schwartz Hall).

Jews of Göteborg — Photographs and items of the Jews of Göteborg, Sweden, during the first half of the twentieth century — (Irene and David Sala Wing).

Alvar Aalto, 1898 - 1976 Master of Finnish Architecture and Design — A detailed survey of his architectural and product designs (Palevsky Design Pavilion).

New Painting Acquisitions — Auguste Renoir, Portrait of M. Lastrucque, 1878 and Pablo Picasso, Portrait of an Adolescent, 1905 at the Floersheimer Pavilion.

Joshua Ben-Zion — Mirrors, The Garden — Small primordial landscapes of this young Israeli artist (Barbara and Isidore M. Cohen Gallery).

"Rage Group" — The first in a series of group "Fresh Paint" shows representing trends among young Israeli Artists (Ayala Zacks Abramov Pavilion).

Kakemono — 400 years of Japanese Porcelain Tradition, courtesy of the Embassy of Japan (Seima Picciotto Gallery for Asian Art).

Bethlehem Embroidery — Dresses and costume parts showing the development of this regional style (Win. Margulies Hall).

Antique Glass — Featuring the Museum's latest acquisitions (Eliyahu Dobkin Pavilion of Ancient Glass).

Photography in Nature — Ruth Youth Wing.

Animals in Ancient Art — The Leo Mildenberg Collection, spanning 5,000 years from the countries of the Mediterranean Basin — The Rockefeller Museum.

Islamic Art — Paley Center (Opposite Rockefeller Museum).

Big and Small — Relative size in life, art and the children's world (Ruth Youth Wing).

Jewels of Children's Literature — celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Ben-Yitzhak Award — outside Youth Wing library.

Art in Context — Audio Visual program of development of Israeli Art (Spertus Hall).

Permanent exhibitions of Archaeology, Judaica, Ethnic Art and Shrine of the Book with the Dead Sea Scrolls.

EVENTS

Sat. Jan. 31 at 8:30 pm "COUPLES" SERIES: VOICE VERSUS INSTRUMENT — The David Trio playing Baroque and contemporary music from England and Germany at the Ticho House.

Tues. Feb. 3 at 7 pm ISRAELI ART: Gallery Talk in Hebrew by Ofer Za'avi.

Tues. Feb. 3 at 8:30 pm PIANO RECITAL: Natasha Taddon playing Schubert, Chopin, etc. in the Auditorium.

Thurs. Feb. 8 at 8:30 and 9 pm and Fri. Feb. 6 at 2 pm FILM: "Kaos" directed by Vittorio and Paolo Taviani.

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Wednesdays at 4 pm: Picture and Book programs with puppets and songs (in English) ages 3 - 6 with Betsy Diamant.

Tues. Feb. 3 at 3 pm BOOKBINDING AND PAPER RESTORATION: Lecture in Hebrew by expert Yurek Stankewich — Youth Wing Library.

"Mill" — Reenact. Tashcher's Training Center — Call 698-211 ext. 307 for details.

Tues. Feb. 3 at 4 pm THE PHILISTINES — THEIR ORIGIN AND CULTURE: Lecture in Hebrew by Dr. Amihai Mazar (Hebrew University) — "Mill" Center.

Feinstein Recycling Room Mon. Wed. 2 - 5 pm, Tues. 4 - 7 pm.

Mondays at 3 pm Free Lessons and Demonstration by Michel Ben-Dov at the Feinstein Recycling Room.

Sun. Feb. 1 at 4 pm STORYTELLING HOUR in Hebrew for children 6 - 10 with Menachem Regev at the Ticho House.

GUIDED TOURS (IN ENGLISH)

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11:00, Sun. 15:00, Tues. 16:30.

Archaeology Galleries: Mon. 15:00 Judaica-Heritage: Thurs. 15:00.

Shrine of the Book: Sun. 13:30, Tues. 16:00.

Rockefeller Museum: Sun. & Fri. at 11:00.

VISITING HOURS

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Tues. 4 pm - 10 pm; (Shrine of the Book: Tues. 10 am - 10 pm); Fri. & Sat. 10 am - 2 pm; Art Garden 10 am - sunset.

Dept. of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun. Tues. Thurs. 11 am - 1 pm.

Rockefeller Museum: Sun. - Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Fri. & Sat. 10 am - 2 pm.

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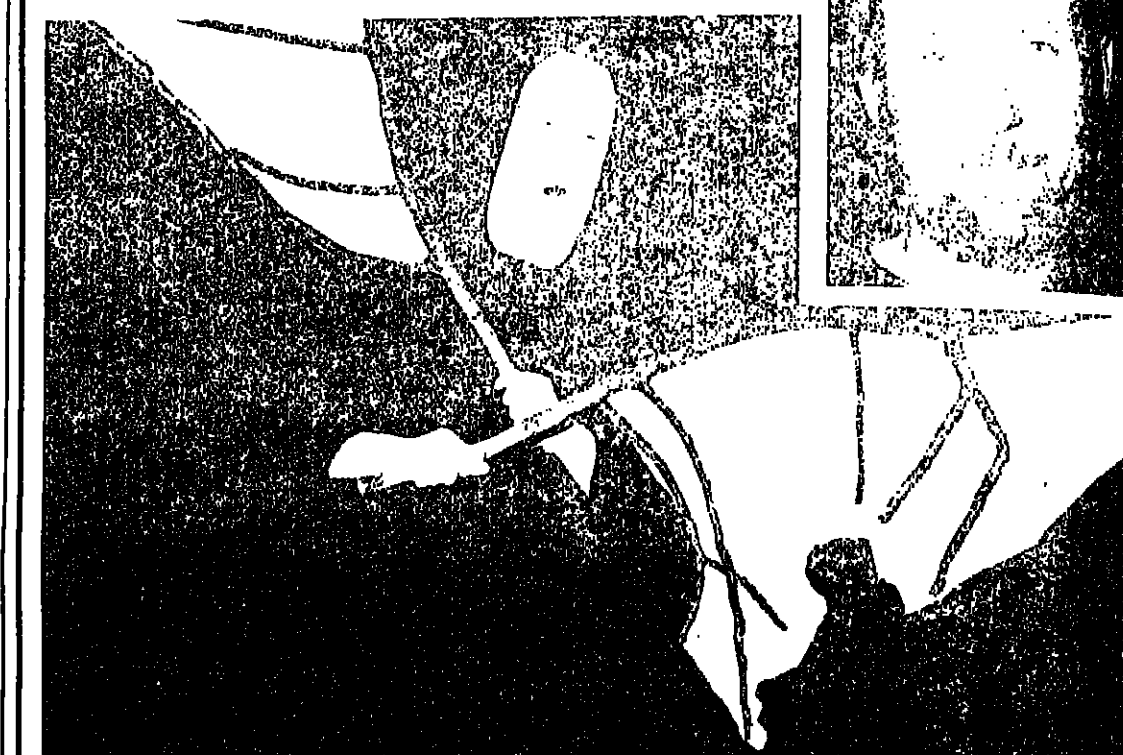
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Between acts Marsha Pomerantz

Behind the mask



Amalia's Icarus — touching images of flight in black, with white masks and wings. (Inset) Hadus Ofrit. (Shai Zaki)

ICARUS has a narrow, white fold of a face, attached to a soft, foam-rubber, starfish-shaped body that just begs to be cradled. Hadus Ofrit and his wife Amalia, the manipulators, cradle it, but they are dressed in "blackout," and in the official puppet scheme of things, do not exist. So Icarus, here an angel who has crashed into the sea, yearns alone for flight.

He is befriended by a small child — a duck-like yellow foam-rubber foot puppet — but that relationship is ambivalent, to say the least.

The world of this play, called *Icarus — Second Flight*, is further populated by the mother—Hadas, in a mask and a robe complete with jute tent — and an "observer" — Hadas in blackout with a big eye on his head and a flashlight in his hand.

Another version of Icarus, perhaps a dream figure within the allegory, is played by Amalia, in blackout with a white mask.

The story — so the notes explain — is that of the artist or other extraordinary individual in an indifferent or hostile world. On a psychological level, it can be seen as the story of the child trying to choose Papa over Mama, only to be constrained when he reaches for Papa's wings. The style is influenced by Japanese traditions of Bunraku puppetry and Noh mask-making, both of which Hadas Ofrit studied during a recent two-year stint in Japan.

The drama, a production of the Train Theatre, premiered last week, at the Jerusalem Khan, and the event was attended by representatives of the Japanese embassy and cultural foundation in Israel.

WHAT IS most appealing about the production is the visual design — the puppets and the manner of their operation and, some of the time, the relationship between the people and the puppets. The story itself is allegorical and abstract, requiring a sort of running subtitle in the minds of the audience which, I find, makes the evening one of explanation more than experience.

Aside from the Icarus puppet, the child is ingeniously designed. First he is a foam-rubber papoose carried by the nursing mother, then he grows into a puppet fitted over Hadas's bare left leg and sharing his

foot to get around. The duck-like head, reminiscent of E.T., is moved by a handle on the neck, sometimes in coordination with the child's hand, which is a mitt over Hadas's right hand.

The puppet-child gets progressively larger, developing imaginatively as well as chronologically, until he is almost a body-suit that Hadas wears, with the child's two legs covering his own.

It is in that stage that the child is embarrassed to discover a red, wormy-looking thing growing out of his navel and tries to use it to connect himself to the rope that anchors Icarus. But when he tries to borrow the wings — made of tissue-paper glued to two skeleton branches — Icarus severs the tie with a swift slash of a sharp feather, and blood is shed.

There were some touching images of flight, both in Amalia's movement and in the sway and glide of a foam-rubber dove perched on a rod or the branch of a flexible skeleton tree, and there was saving humour in the antics of the child against the background recording of baby bubble. But intensity of feeling and effort was too often expressed only by trembling, of puppets or people, and the process seemed more a narrative alongside events than an evocation of them.

Hadas Ofrit has been working with puppets for over 10 years, half of that time with partners in the Train Theatre, the railroad car in Jerusalem's Liberty Bell Garden that has become the centre of Israel's puppet theatre. On display in the lobby of the Khan are masks and puppets by Ofrit, including those for Dennis Silk's *Billy Doll*, Richard Farber's *Mr. Death*, an Ofrit production based on Kafka's story, *The Hunger Artist*; Ofrit's *The Parasite*; Yehoshua Sobol's *Wars of the Jews*, and an earlier *Icarus*.

AMONG THE other current projects of the Train Theatre are two I saw recently at a community centre, where various schoolteachers and centre coordinators were invited for a preview. Recommended particularly for children is Roni Nelkin's *Golden Hairs*, based on the Grimm Brothers' tale of the peasant child who is destined to marry the princess, despite the opposition of the

king, and manages to get the requisite golden hairs from the head of the black devil.

The style is narration with the use of hand-puppets and props. Nelkin sits at a small table enclosed by a "proscenium" of golden threads which also serve as part of the stage. The story is easy to follow and the metamorphosis of objects and puppets is imaginative; a doll's head on the forefinger of a gloved hand is the familiar story character, when the head is pulled off and stuck on the back of the hand, with gloved fingers teeming like octopus arms, it is suddenly someone quite scary.

The second of the programmes previewed at the community centre was a double-barrelled production by Yitzhak and Esther Pecker called *C'est la Vie*, with beautifully designed hand-held puppets.

In a play entitled *Matchmaker*, a stork and a crane find themselves lonely, each in his or her patch of wild grass. They approach each other alternately, and reject each other for such serious defects as skinny legs. No sooner has the stork slunk off, dejected, than the pursued regrets his or her obstinacy and takes the initiative. The cycle continues to the point of monotony.

Finally, mounted and limping, they simply don't have the strength to run away from each other quickly enough, which doesn't mean that each finds the other of sufficient quality to be a partner.

A Handful and a Half, the second part of *C'est la Vie*, employs elaborate hand-held puppets, costumes on-a-stick and fabric collages or sculptures to tell a traditional Georgian tale of the simple man who tries, unsuccessfully, to adjust to the expectations of society. He learns the proper thing to say to mourners, for instance, and offers condolences to the next group of people he meets. It's not his fault that they happen to be a wedding party.

The Train Theatre, founded in 1981, is a partnership of Michael Schuster, Mario Kottlar, Alina Ashbel, Hadas Ofrit and Roni Nelkin, with financial support from the Jerusalem Foundation. It continues to offer an interesting array of soaring and grounded creatures in a variety of puppet theatre styles, for audiences of various ages.

Focus (Continued from page A)

face, and they hired me for some inexplicable reason.

"I was terrified. Here I was, surrounded by Harrison Ford and Peter Weir, in this big studio production, my second feature film, and I was scared to death. Peter kept saying, 'Relax, it's just a movie, after all,' and I kept saying, 'What do you mean, it's my whole life!' Now, five pictures later, I know that he's right."

Did playing the deeply religious Rachel affect her beliefs?

"No," she says, "though I learned a lot. I'm a Christian, but I was brought up without religious beliefs. I don't know if that's a good or bad thing."

What was Harrison Ford like?

"He's a real nice guy," says Kelly. "At first he was a bit aloof. He doesn't open up easily to people. What I liked best about him is his professionalism. I'm the same way. I go and do my job and that's it. You don't have to be everybody's best friend. It's work, just like anything else. I have a strong desire to keep my private and professional lives separate, and he's the same, and I admire him a lot for being able to do it."

SINCE SHE joined an acting class at the age of 15, appeared in a play and won an award for it, Kelly McGillis says she has never wanted to do anything else.



Zev (Olad Shacher) dresses Marcus (John Shea) wound in 'Dreamers.'

Except maybe join the Peace Corps. "I'm starting to feel inadequate," she sighed. "I pick up a paper and read about people being annihilated in Sri Lanka or India or South Africa, and I think, what the hell am I doing with my life, sitting here acting, especially in Israel where so many people have lost their lives over this little piece of land."

"I really have been struggling lately with the fact that I don't do anything important, even though entertaining people is important, too. But I'd like to enlighten people, and

not many films do that. Maybe I'll join the Peace Corps, or become a journalist, or join Mother Teresa."

She has been in Israel for almost two months rehearsing, plus another two months of shooting. She knew nothing of Israel before she came.

"Coming from America, which is over 200 years old, I'm constantly amazed at how new this country is, and the amount of struggling it has had to go through, and how small it really is."

"You can drive across Israel in an hour. You can't even drive across

California in an hour. We in America are very lucky and very spoiled. We don't have anybody directly threatening us on three sides, and we have so much space."

THE LONG rehearsal period is a Barabash hallmark. Schory says it considerably shortens the period of actual shooting. Uri Barabash says that "acting is the most essential part of film-making," especially in this film, where we had to develop an ensemble spirit.

He chose to go back to the 1920s for his theme "because that was one of our most exciting and inspiring periods. It was like the Wild West in America, with that intensive pioneering spirit which dominated everything."

"I see myself as a political filmmaker. Even if I were to do *Romeo and Juliet*, for me that's a political story, a love-story on a background of two enemies. In *Dreamers*, the political message is about compromise. It's about people who are very fanatical trying to fulfil their dreams in extreme ways."

"They create a commune where everyone sacrifices the things most precious to them, both possessions and feelings, for the sake of the community. They are not allowed to establish couples, because if you get married to one person, you destroy the spirit of the community. Slowly,

by paying a heavy price, they learn how to compromise with their dream."

MCGILLIS plays Anda as "very extreme and ideological, almost anarchist in her fervour for an ideal," she says. Her hair is red for the role. For *Witness* it was dark brown.

She hardly remembers its original colour, because "I haven't had my real hair in a long time. After *Reuben* I went out and cut it all off to half an inch all over. I just wanted a change. I do extreme things like that."

Kelly McGillis lives in a good period for actresses, when to be 30 doesn't mean the end of a female star's career. She has never been an ingenue, she insists.

"Until four years ago, I played nothing but hookers and whores and schizophrenics. I haven't played many normal women in my life."

At this point, her constant companion, Cheyanne, a very friendly Australian Blue Heeler bitch, started demanding attention by tossing stuff out of the garbage can.

"Stop that, you silly dog," she admonished. "You can't be hungry. You eat all day!" She turned back to her visitor. "Cheyanne" is Indian for "human being," she explained. "Maybe that's why she acts so crazy!"

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EVENTS

1. Screening of the silent movie "Breaking Home Ties." In cooperation with the Israel Film Archives, Jerusalem Cinematheque. Directors: Frank N. Zeltzer and George K. Rolands. The subtitles are in English. Tuesday, February 3rd 1987, at 8 pm.
2. Screening of silent movie "His People." In cooperation with the Israel Film Archives, Jerusalem Cinematheque. Director: Edward Sloman. The subtitles are in English. Wednesday, February 4th 1987, at 8 pm.

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Crosswords

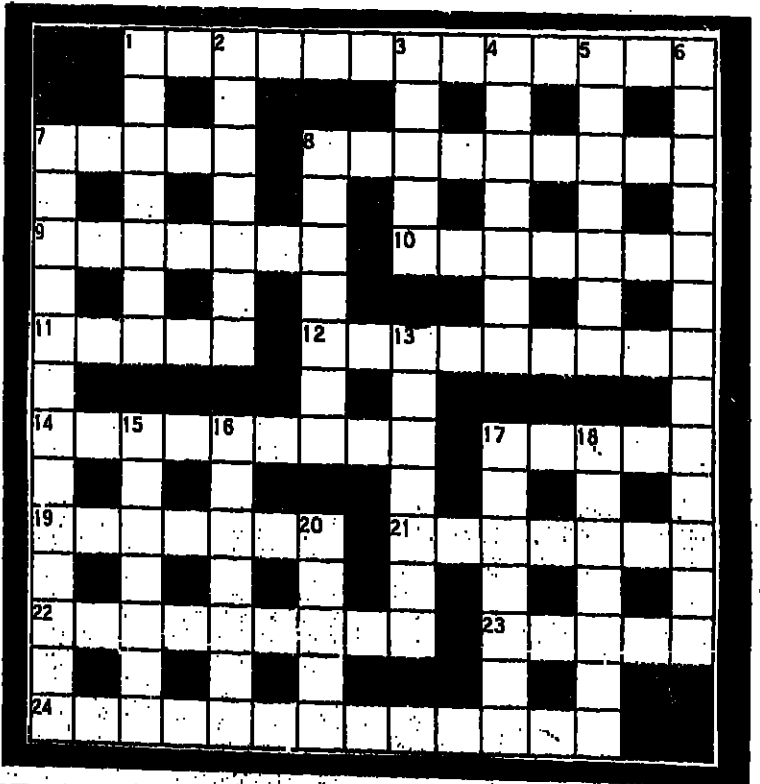
Two-in-one

ACROSS

- 1 Attractive part of the world? (8,5)
- 7 Called to say two are going to join up (5)
- 8 Pushing down hard, a foot at a time (9)
- 9 Counting and recounting (7)
- 10 From Lord Lister, I learn how the operating theatre should be (7)
- 11 Child is to try and get damages (5)
- 12 A failure to notice it's above sense (9)
- 14 Recover, and become more skilful (5,6)
- 17 Fabulous bird goes back to fortune soldier to get a dog (5)
- 19 Quite spoiling someone? Certainly not by over-indulgence (7)
- 21 High flyer's pointless agreement (7)
- 22 I.e., agent to change and parley (9)
- 23 Love grim Northern scent (5)
- 24 Ship emerges: S.A.S. out to military quarters (9,4)

DOWN

- 1 Mutilates the old-fashioned linen presses (7)
- 2 Figs are chopped up, giving warmth (3-4)
- 3 Badly maims Eastern leaders (5)
- 4 Claws common little boys (7)
- 5 Drops innumerable quantities of them doing this (7)
- 6 He gets the lot! (7,6)
- 7 They keep us covered in water... (7,6)
- 8 ...And it's for pulling water beneath it (3-4)
- 13 Reached a roundabout without five hundred getting hurt in the head (7)
- 15 Is drawn back from fire? No, to it (7)
- 16 It's written down for "Pie," lest changes occur (7)
- 17 Study is over-so overlook it (7)
- 18 Spanish river, to us, is very wild (7)
- 20 Food in the wood (5)



Quickie

ACROSS

- 1 Insolvent lock-up (7,6)
- 7 Discovered (5)
- 8 Flavouring (8)
- 9 Persons in clubs, etc. (7)
- 10 Loss of all hope (7)
- 11 Birds (5)
- 12 Tyrannical man (9)
- 14 P.C. Wren novel (4,5)
- 17 Breathes noisily (5)
- 19 Sounding like a clock (7)
- 21 Even more flavourous (7)
- 22 The family group (8)
- 23 Girl being married (5)
- 24 Government demands (8,3,5)

DOWN

- 1 He beats and instruments (7)
- 2 Animals (7)
- 3 A church council (5)
- 4 Publish again (2,5)
- 5 Children's playthings (3-4)
- 6 E.g., game park (6,7)
- 7 Traditional shopkeeper (6,7)
- 8 Furniture wheels (7)
- 13 Folded, as cloth (7)
- 16 Bill (7)
- 19 Old-fashioned legwear (7)

- 17 Receptacle for letters (4,3)
- 18 Supernatural little beings (7)
- 20 Sound of sorrow (5)

Yesterday's solutions

1 POLY 2 TICKS 3 THEATRE 4 DEPOT 5 MOTOR 6 CHARIOT 7 ASHY 8 PAUL 9 MANGE 10 AUNT 11 ATHERTON 12 HUTCH 13 TRENK 14 DOWNS 15 OVERT 16 LATERAL 17 INDIA 18 KLIPFISH 19 SHARP 20 BENCH 21 STATE 22 LYONS 23 STAR 24 ASHLEY 25 ATHLETE 26 CASTLE 27 UTTER 28 CHIDE 29 ALTER 30 TOTAL

Yesterday's Quick Solution
ACROSS: 1 Polly, 2 Ticks, 3 Theatre, 4 Depot, 5 Motor, 6 Chariot, 7 Ashy, 8 Paul, 9 Mange, 10 Aunt, 11 Atherston, 12 Hutch, 13 Trenk, 14 Downs, 15 Over, 16 Lateral, 17 India, 18 Klipfish, 19 Sharp, 20 Bench, 21 State, 22 Lyons, 23 Star, 24 Ashley, 25 Athlete, 26 Castle, 27 Utter, 28 Chide, 29 Alter, 30 Total.

Solutions to the crosswords appear in Sunday's Jerusalem Post.

Nature

MIRACULOUS



D'vora Ben Shaul

WHEN David Shub arrived in Palestine a little over a century ago to see if Galilee was a good place for Jews to settle, it was the middle of winter. It must have been a winter like this one for he returned to Europe and told the prospective settlers that the hills were lush and green, and there was a beautiful river where they could catch fish.

Of course when they arrived in late summer, the hills were bare, ribbed, rocky ridges and the river had disappeared leaving only the dry wadi bed. It must have been quite a shock for them.

But this only partially illustrates the miracle that takes place in the hills of Galilee during a good rainy year. Right now the hills are velvet green, the river is back and the snow-clad Hermon sits there like a shining crown.

Wherever you go there are bright wildflowers among the green foliage. Anemones abound in red, lavender and white, and cyclamen in every shade of white to dark pink, with leaves so lovely that it is hard to decide which is more attractive, the blossom or the leaf. Wild calendula grow so close together that the flowers make a bright yellow patch, and a dramatic indigo lupine flower can be seen here and there.

COMING DOWN from the higher plateaus, the Kinneret is bursting with blue water, full up to its banks once again after several years when the shoreline kept receding in an almost frightening manner. The Hula is once again a swamp, at least for a time, and it is almost impossible to remember what it was like a few months ago.

It is hard to imagine, as you breathe the cool moist air, that in a few months the *hamshin* winds will return, all that is now green will be brown and sear, and the glories of the rainy season will be no more than a memory.

But it is these drastic variations that make this land so vitally interesting. I remember living in the Tropics and longing for autumn and for winter. There was too much of a sameness about the lush beauty around me, something stultifying about the eternal aroma of flower and vine. I often yearned for just one bare-branched tree against a winter sky.

Even in the middle of the winter, we have days that are like shining jewels. The clouds disappear, the sun comes out and one can actually enjoy sitting in the garden watching the resident birds and the winter visitors alike foraging for food. It is sometimes difficult remembering that yesterday it stormed and tomorrow may be rainy again.



The Lone Ranger and Tonto (above). Shmuel and Ilana Auslander (below).



Choice pickings

FRIDAY

22.15 - The Taking of Pelham, One, Two, Three, ITV feature film.

SATURDAY

11.00 - Lady Macbeth from the County of Matzenak, radio drama. The young wife of a wealthy merchant falls in love with a young labourer and despatches most of her relatives to the next world. Network One.
13.05 - Poland, Autumn '86, weekly documentary series on Radio Network Two.
18.30 - Desire for Revenge, Voice of Music radio drama about a lonely old woman and her nurse. The nurse suspects the old woman of having betrayed her mother to the Nazis. The two parts are played by Ruth Segal and Edith Ostrook.
18.30 - Studio Guest, Lilit Najar interviews Bethlehem Mayor Elias Frej. Relations between the Arab world and Israel, Frej's recent meeting with Prime Minister Shamir and bringing tourism to Bethlehem. Arabic Television.

SUNDAY

14.00 - Arts and Culture Magazine, Radio Network two.
18.32 - With the Stars features Phil Collins, Arabic Television.
20.02 - Fill Pop focuses on Elton John.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1987

TV and radio highlights Greer Fay Cashman

Going underground

A GANG of four desperate criminals with the colourful names of Blue, Green, Grey and Brown hijack a New York subway car and demand a ransom of \$1 million for its 17 passengers. The authorities have exactly one hour in which to come up with the money. Lt. Garber (Walter Matthau) is the policeman assigned to handle the crisis. The 1974 production also features Robert Shaw, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo and Earl Hindman as the desperadoes. The Taking of Pelham One, Two, Three, ITV, 22.15.

AUTHOR Yehudit Hendel went to Poland last year as an official guest of the Polish Broadcasting Authority. Her hosts put an interpreter at her disposal and paved the way for her to visit wherever she wanted. Profoundly impressed by what she saw, Hendel prepared a series of five documentary programmes which will be aired on Saturdays at 13.05 on Radio Network Two. Tomorrow's programme, Poland, Autumn '86, will review Hendel's first night in Warsaw. Next week she discusses Poland without Jews.

COMMENCING this Sunday, Radio Network Two introduces a new Arts and Culture Magazine which will be broadcast at 14.00, Sundays to Thursdays. Hosted by Haim Keinan, the magazine will be edited by Ephraim Sutan, Idit Ben Yair and Haggai Hiron. It will include outside reports, studio interviews and discussions, criticism and daily updates.

EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION will mark Ilan Day devoting its Family Ties programme to the Auslander family - Shmuel and Ilana and their three children aged 3½ - 4½. Shmuel fell victim to a paralysing disease as a child. Some 20 years ago, he was an initiator of the Ilan Sports Association in the Haifa region. He continues to be active in this

sphere and is responsible for getting many new projects off the ground. Never permitting his disability to get in the way of his having as normal a life as possible, he is a partner in a computer consultancy firm in Kiryat Bialik. He and his family will be interviewed on ETV at 15.15 on Monday.

A LOT of adults are going to play hookey from work on Tuesday so that they can watch their childhood hero the Lone Ranger and his Indian blood-brother Tonto once more foil a gang of crooks. Klinton Spilsbury is cast in the title role. Michael Horse plays his faithful friend. The Legend of the Lone Ranger, ETV, 14.15.

SET IN THE Soviet Union, Final Assignment, ITV's Wednesday night feature at 22.05, is a story of intrigue, romance, compassion and courage. There are two stories in this production, one the romance between a foreign television reporter and a high-ranking Soviet official who is torn between love and loyalty, the other an attempt to smuggle a sick child and valuable scientific documents out of the country. At the centre of both plots is television reporter Nicole Thompson. The main actors are Michael York, Genevieve Bujold, Burgess Meredith and Colleen Dewhurst.

FOR TWO and a half million American veterans of the Vietnam War, its trauma is constantly in their lives. After risking life, limb and sanity, they returned not to a heroes' welcome, but to an atmosphere of social rejection. They live with a sense of betrayal and bitterness punctuated by the disturbing memories of the hideous butchery which they witnessed and of which some were unwilling perpetrators. The BBC found some of these shattered souls and interviewed them for "The World About Us" series. The Haunted Heroes will be screened at 21.30 on Thursday.

A good evening

NO ONE KNOWS better than editor of Educational Television's A New Evening, Yossi Ronen, the importance of being the right man in the right place at the right time. Four-and-a-half years ago, Ronen, then a veteran producer and director for ETV, was doing his army reserve duty at Galiel Zahal, the Army radio station. It was the first day of the Lebanon War. In a casual conversation with Eilon Shalev, then deputy commander of Galiel Zahal, Ronen suggested that it would be a nice idea if Galiel Zahal and ETV could get together to do a joint programme to boost morale on the home front.

Shalev took the matter up with his boss, Zvika Shapiro. Ronen called his boss, Ya'acov Lobberbaum. An agreement was reached and Ronen was released from military duty so that he could set the wheels in motion for the programme, which was tentatively titled Peace in Galilee.

The only point of dispute was the starting date. While the others were looking seven to 10 days ahead, Ronen wanted to air the show within 24 hours. His reasoning was that Operation Peace in Galilee coincided almost exactly with the 15th anniversary of the Six Day War, and this in itself would draw viewers. Ronen also felt it was imperative to get the programme out before the end of the war, which he thought might be coming very soon.

The show started out as a mix of entertainment and commentary, with the performers working free of charge. Ronen was searching for a means of increasing the impact of the programme, and in a brain-storming session with some of the other people involved with the show, the idea of "greetings from the front" was born. Each day a video team cruised the front lines in Lebanon, filming Israeli soldiers sending regards to their families back home.

The idea worked. Israelis were glued to their TVs during the war. So many people had relatives and friends serving in Lebanon, that nearly everyone either watched the 5 p.m. broadcast or tuned in to Galiel Zahal, which broadcast the same material.

At the end of August that year, when the bulk of the terrorists were out of Beirut, Galiel Zahal stopped broadcasting the programme. However, ETV had won a

(Continued on Page 1)



(Above) Yossi Ronen. (Below) Dan Margalit.



THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

This Week in Israel • Th

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TAKE A TIP FROM US
When dining out, check the menu for the words, "service included". This means that a service charge is included in the bill. If service is not included, tipping is left to the diner's discretion. 10% of the bill is the customary amount left for a good meal and service enjoyed.

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TV and radio (Continued from Page 5)

dedicated audience and was reluctant to relinquish its viewers. The show simply needed a new format. Ronen cut the entertainment, reduced the air time by 50 percent, and changed the format to a current affairs programme which appeared under its present name, *New Evening*.

In September 1982, when the show was launched, the interviewers were Dan Margalit and Kobi Meidan. *New Evening* also had a camera at Gali Zahal to record live news bulletins. Some of those bulletins were read on the air by Rafi Reshef, who later replaced Meidan. Soon afterwards, Gideon Reicher was hired as the third host.

Each of the three has a distinctive style. Margalit, who is also parliamentary reporter for *Ha'aretz*, is the most aggressive. Reicher, who impressed Ronen with his appearance on *Kolbotek*, brings a relaxed approach to *New Evening*. As parliamentary correspondent for *Yedioth Aharnot*, he is also well-informed on a wide variety of issues. The soft-spoken Reshef with his polite manner and a glimmer of mischief dancing in his eyes, is subtly able to break through the defensive barriers of the people he interviews.

ETV, like ITV, suffers from budgetary problems. Maintaining a crew for a Friday afternoon programme became too costly and an alternative had to be found.

The challenge was to find a solution which contained an intriguing gimmick. Margalit discovered the golden nugget - a televised version of the popular weekend supplements included in the Friday papers. What was needed, though, was a hook on which to hang the supplement's hat. That was conveniently provided by the newspapers themselves.

Margalit's Friday magazine is based on feature interviews published in the weekend press. Production assistant Bina Luz receives galley proofs from most of the daily newspapers as well as several magazines and local

publications. On the other hand, on Wednesday afternoon, after the main news, the show is sold to a small but primarily Roman and Maronite, the only one of three of the features are selected for television interviews. The added bonus is that Margalit always has a co-host on Fridays.

The advantage of this, according to both Ronen and Margalit, is that while Margalit must be objective, the co-host is under no such obligation and the confrontations between interviewer and interviewee are often highly dramatic. There have been many times when Margalit has had to save a co-host.

All the co-hosts are public figures who have frequently been interviewed in the paper, and on the air, but who generally have not been on the other side of the microphone. The chance of role reverses views a new perspective of them.

Margalit is frustrated by the time element in television interviewing. "There's always another question that I want to ask," he says. He is not comfortable with live programmes. There's too much tension for a newspaper journalist who is used to more flexibility.

He prefers to do pre-recorded programmes, even though they take longer. In addition to being less tense, they also enable him to avoid an extra question which may be left in when the programme is edited.

Both Margalit and Ronen would like to see *New Evening* in a better time slot, closer to prime time than it is now. Margalit thinks that this may be possible when the second television channel begins operating.

Meanwhile, Ronen is content with expanding his team of hosts from three to four. The newest member will be a woman, and the host favourite is Gali Zahal's Ilana Dayan, one of the brightest young stars in the journalists' galaxy. Dayan acquitted herself well when she appeared as a co-host with Margalit on one of his Friday shows.

Theatre Naomi Doudai

Root-raking occasion



'Mirele Efrat' provides tear-jerking jaunts into high melodrama.

MIRELE EFRAT by Jacob Gordin. Hebrew adaptation by Miriam Kohn. Directed by Amit Gazit. Habimah National Theatre.

IF THE Canaanite movement was right, our ethnic roots lie in the soil, the stones, the rocks. But what if, in the course of 2,000 years, they had been displaced by the casbah and the ghetto? Where do we look for them then?

If your grandmother, like mine, came from Grodno, you will find *Mirele* just such a root-raking occasion. For there she was, the *grande dame* of Grodno, elaborately and elegantly coiffed, richly jewelled, complete with lorgnette, not to mention *gaive galore*, that Yiddish brand of inordinate pride that went with the inflated sense of social status they called *yichus*.

Further, there was all the snobbery that screened the family's sometimes sordid secrets; but little more. For this play, though of little dramatic merit, has become a classic, as far as I can see, for rather wider reasons. Apart from its alleged debt to *Lear* and its tear-jerking jaunts into high melodrama,

it was, in its own time, an exposure of the diabolical duality that split East European Jewish society - a small town such as Grodno, and the population of a *sheit* town such as Slutsik.

In our times, it serves an even more compelling end. It puts its finger on the spot from which spring the parvenus, the social, moral, and moneyed upstarts in this tiny state.

The story, as it stands, is about Mirele Efrat, a wealthy woman merchant who arrives in Slutsik to marry off her eldest son Yossele (Ami Weinberg) to Sheindele (Yael Perl), daughter of poor but well-connected parents (Rivka Gur and Moshe Alkalay). To her horror what she finds is a family of the crudest class, who are, in addition to their rough ways and speech, undisguised *schnorrers*, out to swindle her from the very start.

Yossele, head over heels in love, will not have her cancel the match. But as time passes, Mirele's worst fears are realized when Sheindele and her parents overrun her home and slowly oust her from her property and position. Humiliated, re-

duced, Mirele has to run for refuge with her maid Machele (Lea Koenig) to the house of Shalom (Shmuel Rodensky), her former manager and general factotum.

WITH ALL DUE respect to Miriam Kohn's highly-dedicated translation, the great plus of this play is its original version as *Mirele Efrat*, must have been in Yiddish. The Yiddish yearning ear craves the rich, Russian-Yiddish humour and wise saws that only surface here in a shadowy reminder of real *mama-loshen*.

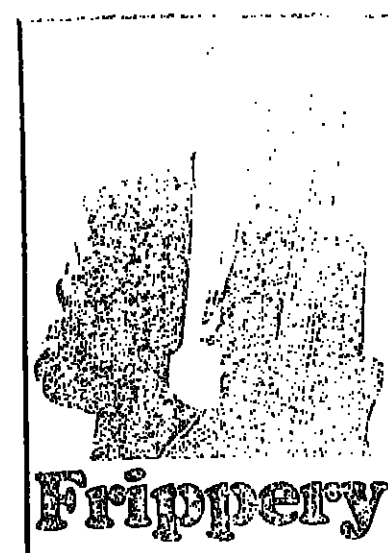
The performances of Shmuel Rodensky and Moshe Alkalay were, in that respect, in no way disappointing. The powerful Yiddish personality natural to both actors spilled over into Hebrew without a hitch. Lea Koenig's maid was redolent, too, of the real thing. The rest of the cast gave well-tailored, correct but contrived caricatures of what, to be fair, are not much more than one-dimensional types in the text.

Playing the title role on alternate nights were Miriam Zohar and Lea Koenig, a situation bound to stimulate comparisons. If Koenig played Miriam with the same virtuosity as she played the maid (on the night I saw it) there is no doubt hers will be accounted the superior portrayal.

Tova Sadlan's costumes were good to look at and moved well. Eli Simi's revolving stage moved less well and was cluttered with an unaccountable selection of bourgeois bric-a-brac.

It can be no coincidence that this play has been resurrected at this particular moment. It tells us more about the curdling composition of our present-day society than dozens of sociological texts. True, Hanoch Levin has parodied this upwardly mobile class in many of his plays. But Gordin's pinpoint the source of the poison in a way that is historically significant. To take but one example, his ruthless, grasping, mercenary Sheindele, as the archetype of the new rich, is surely also the antecedent of the Tel Aviv *carve*, of today.

Rock etc.



FRIPPERY
DUE TO ARRIVE in Israel at the beginning of February, accompanied by 14 of his students, King Crimson alumnus Robert Fripp will perform four dates in our three major cities.

Fripp, one of rock's most innovative guitarists, has been pushing the limits of progressive rock for the last 20 years. Between the years 1969 and 1977, he was the leading figure of the underground-progressive rock group King Crimson, one of the forces that redefined the genre.

In 1977, exhausted and somewhat overwhelmed by the music industry, Fripp decided to retire, and moved

Gilead Limor

to New York, planning never to return home to England. This early retirement was disturbed by a call from Brian Eno, another rock experimentalist, inviting Fripp to join him and David Bowie in Berlin, to work on the latter's album, *Heroes*.

Inevitably lured back into the world of music, Fripp proceeded to work with other top musicians, including Peter Gabriel and Daryl Hall. In 1979, Fripp recorded a solo album which incorporated many of his individual guitar techniques with a bagful of innovative ideas.

In 1980, Fripp formed the dance oriented League of Gentlemen for a series of shows and recordings. The following year feeling that the time was right, he re-formed King Crimson and recorded the top-selling album, *Discipline*.

Today, he teaches guitar craft at the Society for Continuous Education in West Virginia, and it is with his 14 travelling students, most of them teachers in their own right, that Fripp will perform.

ROBERT FRIPP and the League of Crafty Guitarists (LCG) - Live, is not your everyday rock show. Robert Fripp and his students will perform pieces written mostly by him, primarily on acoustic guitars. However, some surprises are expected: at least one piece may be played incorporating "Frippetro-nics," a special tape-looping technique which allows a guitarist to record a passage on to tape and then play it back automatically to accompany him while he improvises a second passage. That second passage is also recorded and so on. This technique was developed and used on stage by Fripp in the mid-Seventies.

Fripp and the League of Crafty Guitarists will appear four times next month: at the Tel Aviv Museum on Friday 6, at 14.30; at the Haifa Auditorium on Saturday 7, at 21.00; at the Jerusalem Theatre on Wednesday 11, at 21.00 and again in Tel Aviv at the Mann Auditorium on Friday 13, at 14.30.

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OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, 1896 - 1980. A Selection of Prints and Albums from the Museum Collection.
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MUSIC
GERSHWIN A CLASSICAL COMPOSER. A lecture-concert (in Hebrew), presented by Prof. Arie Haidt, Street pianist: Anna Stein Schick (France). Sunday, 12, at 8, 10 pm.
YEHUDA HANANI, CELLO; EMANUEL KRASOVSKY, PIANO. Programme: Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Prokofiev. Tuesday, 3/2, at 8.30 pm.

CINEMA
NEW COMMERCIALS. The award winning commercials at the Cannes Commercial Festival, 1982. Courtesy of Avish Aronovitch. Today, Friday, 30/1 at 2.30 pm.
FILM ON ART - 14 AMERICANS: DIRECTIONS OF THE 1970's (USA, 1980, no dub., in English). Thursday, 5/2, at 9 pm.
SHOA - Part I: Sun - Thurs, 1-5/2, at 1 pm; Part II: Wed., 4/2, at 6.30 pm.
TRUE STORIES (U.S.A., 1986, 89 min., in colour, English with Hebrew subtitles). Film by David Byrne, leader and composer of the "Talking Heads" group. Sunday - Thursday, at 7.30 and 9.30 pm.

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The art scene

A painter's painter

Gil Goldfine

THROUGHOUT HIS career, Uri Stettner has been sufficiently self-critical to be able to constantly re-assess his pictures and commit himself to change, regardless of consequences leading to temporary reversals.

This commitment to renewal is pronounced in an excellent mini-retrospective from 1964 to the present. Limited to about two dozen canvases, the show clearly conveys a chronological order that parallels artistic message and offers a clear picture of his objectives since he left Tel Aviv to study in Paris in 1960.

The major portion of the current exhibit is devoted to Stettner's large canvases of the past few years, each and every one a gem. The earlier works, the slashes and roughly-brushed explosions of a brash young artist seeking self-expression and independent imagery, summarize the techniques he has adopted from each period to arrive at the kind of pictures he is painting today.

An inability to escape Picasso's humanistic drama and Giacometti's

linear apparitions at first tied the impressionable Stettner to a figurative base, a foundation that eventually led him to create the beautiful self-portraits and interiors. With time, Stettner shucked off the Picaso influence and his subjects are now informed with the delicate balance of Cézanne's philosophy of coordinated structure between form and colour.

An exhibit by a painter's painter, worth going out of the way to see. (Chelouche Gallery, 14 Chelouche, Neve Zedek, Tel Aviv). Till Feb. 12.

PENNY YASOUR, Dafna Mardlels and Anat Shlovisky, should take a look at Stettner in order to absorb the power and mechanics of quality art. These three young painters not only are the signs of the times but expending an impressive amount of energy on creating obtuse imagery in styles so derivative and so unraveled in approach they could be classified anti-art, anti-aesthetic or deceptive alternatives. Yasour's canvases contain "bolling" linear abstract squiggles in wildly brushed yellow and red tones with enlarged, single-image vases and plates. Shlovisky's wall installation is an oversized potpourri of comic images and abstract collage material, so crowded, unimaginative and pur-

(continued on next page)



Uri Stettner: oil painting (Chelouche Gallery, Neve Zedek, Tel Aviv).

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The art scene

What you see is what you get

Meir Ronnen visits a show of the very latest hot-shots in New York, now at the Israel Museum

"NEW YORK NOW" at the Israel Museum is a mild shot in the arm for the jaded gallery-goer; and an excellent example of how young artists and their promoters go about getting their 15 minutes of fame.

For there is nothing to stimulate the art market more than the suggestion that a new movement, complete with new name, has been spawned, this coupled with the harder news that certain works have been pounced upon by the great Jewish collectors like Saatchi and others, purchases made "in depth" (i.e. bulk buying that verges on cornering).

This time round the key word is "simulation," according to which "the image draws progressively away from reality until it ceases to bear any relation to it." This reminds me of Hubble's Constant, according to which the galaxy drawing away eventually disappears at something nearing the speed of light. Something of the sort will no doubt be the fate of this instant art movement too.

These instant movements are not, in the first instance at least, created by the artists. They are foisted on us by the art writers and their magazines, who, in order to keep themselves in art gallery advertising, must always find something new to write about what the galleries are showing. Funnily enough, the artists then find the justification for what they are doing in what gets written about them; or, in at least one case (Jeff Koons) by what has been written previously about something else. In this instance by such magic names as Michel Foucault or Roland Barthes. The introductory essay to the catalogue of this show, by Brian Wallis, presents the six artists as conceptualists who have returned to the "fundamental attraction of the object," but he makes rather too much of what he sees as their reassessment of the relation of the viewer to an object that begs to be considered as something else beyond that which it really is, an exercise supposed to introduce the element of "doubt."

The difficulty is that all art of this nature, from Duchamp on, has always begged to be accepted as something very much more profound than it really is. All the verbiage aside, what we are ultimately left with is the installation itself. What you see is what you get.

It isn't always that much. And while all the items in this show are beautifully made and realized, there aren't any that can stand a third look; you learn all there is to know

about them the first or second time.

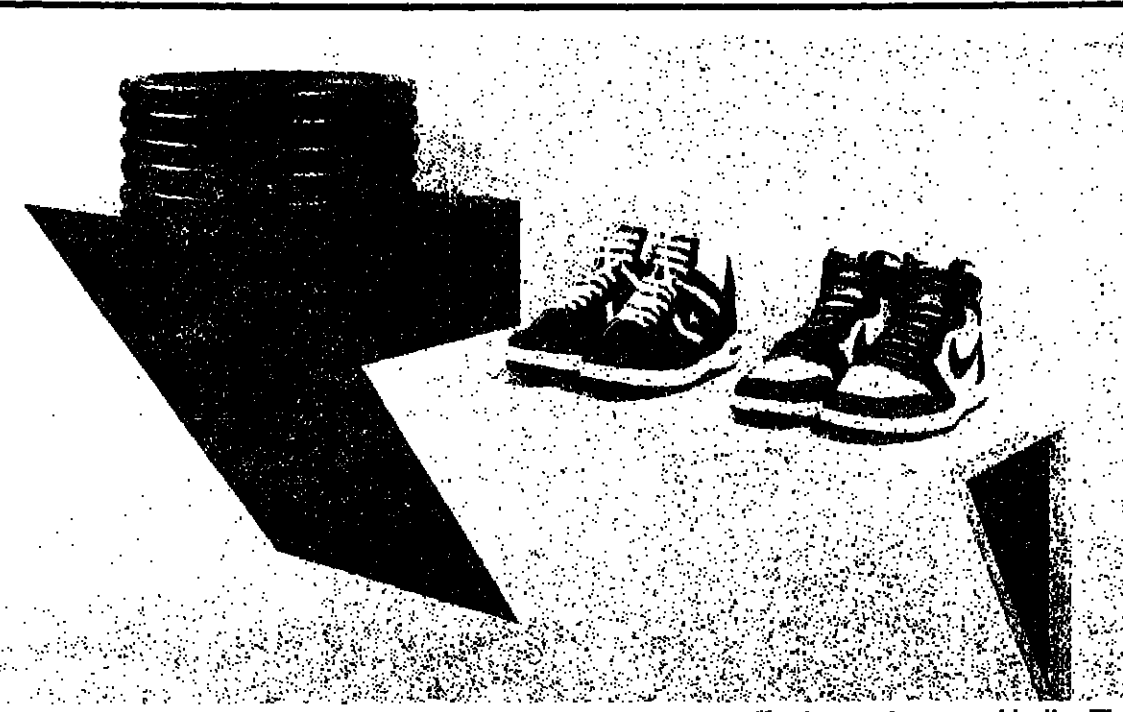
The first most obvious example of simulation and "image-reality distancing" are Alan McCollum's "Surrogates," painted castings that look like groups of framed pictures without the pictures, each group achieving a new "reality" as a work of art. Idea noted. McCollum (b. California, 1944) does the same thing with urns and stoppers frozen into one form and then painted various metallic colours.

Then comes Haim Steinbach (b. Israel, 1944, a U.S. citizen since turning 18), who combines "ready-mades" on semi-sculptural shelving made of plywood covered with coloured formica, usually a "dialogue" of two contrasted sets of objects, the best of which are some old and new Israeli artifacts: Israeli breakfast cereal boxes juxtaposed with ostensibly Israeli pottery. Idea noted.

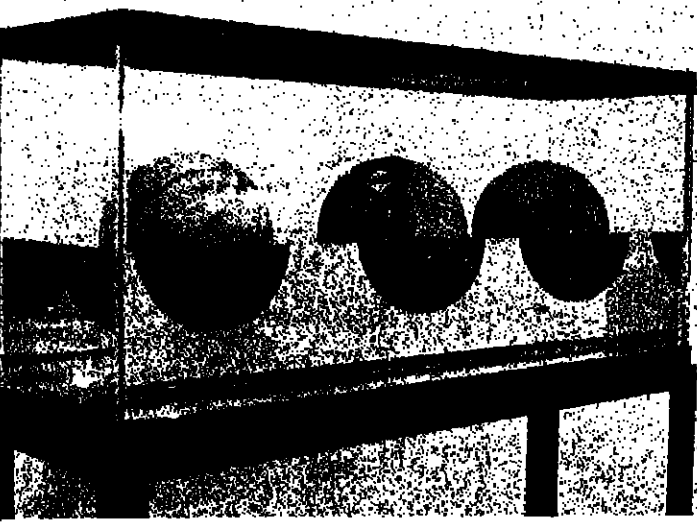
There is more variety to the "additional significance" approach of Jeff Koons (b. York, Pa., 1955). He places three basketballs in a half-filled aquarium without pretending that either object is anything else. Apart from the surrealist effect, he does create something new for us to look at, like the relationship between the three balls which appear to be halved, with the lower side displaced by the refraction of the water surface. Koons is better known for his reproduction of well-known snob-value liquor advertisements on canvas; they appear to be miracles of fidelity but are actually the result of a photo-silk-screen process, something that can be effected without the artist himself participating in the process. By removing the ad from its original context, so it is held, we are better placed to consider its moral and socio-economic implications. Frankly, anyone unable to do this on his own must be a bit of a clot. But at least Koon's canvas adds look marvellous.

So does his third object on show, a no doubt hideously expensive casting, in stainless steel, of a toy Model A Ford truck, probably originally made of cheap alloys. Koons (or his surrogates at the foundry) has rendered the toy indestructible and also something else... but who really cares?

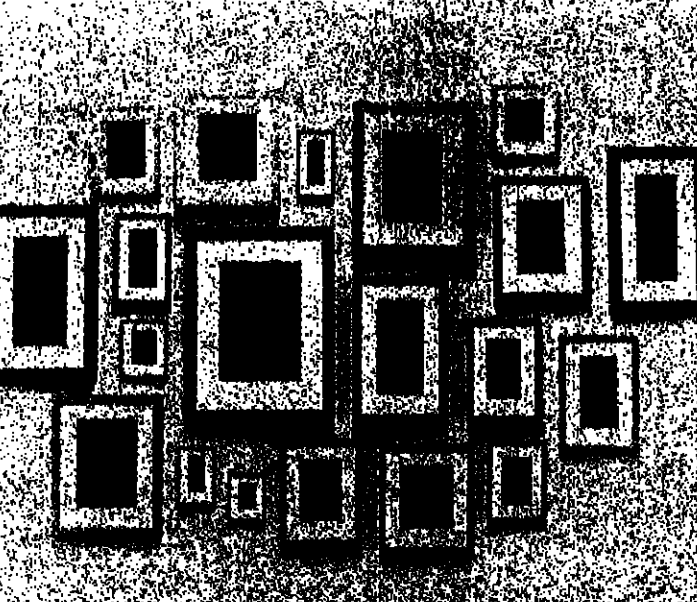
Peter Nagy (b. Connecticut, 1959) is a bridge with the painters on show. He takes images from contemporary science and maths (the sort found in Scientific American) and enlarges them as black images on white canvas; or simply laminates xerox copies. Some of them are extremely



Haim Steinbach: No Wires, No Power Cord, 1986. Mixed media construction. Collection Elisabeth and Ealan Wingate, New York. From "New York Now" at the Israel Museum.



Jeff Koons: Three Balls 50/50 Tank, glass, iron, water and basketballs. Collection Werner and Elaine Dannheiser, New York. (Photos courtesy of the Israel Museum)



Alan McCollum: Surrogates, 1983/86. Enamel on hydrostone. Collection Blanche Gutstein, New York.

effective, at least graphically. The only thing I could understand from Nagy's statement quoted in the catalogue is that he takes pleasure in the fact that "there is (now) no objective standard of quality." Wrong.

Nearer real painting are the canvases of Peter Halley (b. New York, 1953) who thinks of his day-glo colours as simulations of real paint. Halley's huge minimalist designs are a throwback to the geometric constructions of Albers and his American minimalist, hard-edge followers; their stucco and Roll-a-tex surfaces are a deliberately tacky imitation of painterly effects. Halley isn't just out to evoke Albers or Barnett Newman, however; he comes up with simple geometric designs based on the idea of conduits, as seen in schematic layouts of piping systems, electrical or otherwise. His works are effective without being profound.

Finally, there is Sherrie Levine (b. 1947), long known for her re-workings of the work of her betters. In this show are a series of pleasant striped paintings that are painterly without being quite hard-edge. Levine, who likes to think of her work as "an easy flow between the past and the future" (nice try that) quotes a story by Jorge Luis Borges about a man who inserts something of himself into a new transcription of the ninth and 38th chapters of Cervantes, arriving at Don Quixote through his own experience of himself; a lovely case of a pirate painter leaning on literature. Although it isn't mentioned here, Levine's series on view (all most sensitively done) are a direct pirating of the mode of Gene Davis, one of the early hard-edge painters.

None of these artists are real critics of either art or their society. Instead, they milk it - and its systems - for all it is worth. The key word is not simulation, but complicity. There's a lot to look at in this eye-catching show (brought here by curator Suzanne Landau), but isn't it all just Hubble-bubble? I can already see them all receding from us at ever-increasing speed. □

Jerusalem Post

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Film Briefs Dan Fainaru

ALIENS - Officer Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) goes back to fight the mysterious giant insects that did a murderous job on a spaceship in Ridley Scott's film. This time around the scope is enlarged from one spaceship to a whole planet, and the pure science-fiction horror yarn is injected with a breath of humanity by director James Cameron, with better results than in the original.

ANGRY HARVEST - A Polish peasant can't allow moral scruples to stand in the way of his more immediate interests when he gives refuge to a Jewish woman escapee from a death train. An uncompromising indictment of lust and greed hidden behind a mask of pretended piety. Agnieszka Holland directs Armin Mueller-Stahl and Elisabeth Trissenaar.

ANNIE HALL - Woody Allen's personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags.

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THE BUR

THEATRE

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Jerusalem

ICARUS - A SECOND FLIGHT - Inspired by two stories, one from Greek mythology, the other by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Produced by the Train Theatre (Khan, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

LITTLE EYOLF - By Henrik Ibsen. Khan Theatre production. A family drama. (Khan, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

SHE WAS NOT HERE - A woman's past memories become her present reality. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

RIBOFF, KING OF THE JEWS - By Yossi Hader. Habimah Theatre production. A Nazi dybuk enters a young Israeli boy. (Habimah, Monday, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.)

CANDIDE - Musical comedy based on the work by Voltaire. Seven actors play twenty parts. (Haifa, The Third Floor, 13 Yefet, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

A CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL - Alan Ayckbourn's adaptation of Caryl Chesson's play. Translated by Ada Ben-Nahum. A Beersheba Theatre production. (Habimah, Monday and Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

DRAMA SCHOOL - About a group of drama students. Directed by Matti Beharav. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)



Beersheba Theatre's 'A Chorus of Disapproval' at Habimah. (Yochi Long)

EXTREMITIES - Ben Leissin production. A thriller about an attempted rape. (Mofet, Rishon LeZion, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.; Beit Leissin, Monday and Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Habimah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

FREE COUPLE - By Dario Fo. Beit Leissin production. Comedy about a young couple's sexual experiments. (Giv'atayim, Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.; Beit Hayal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

"KIDDUSH" - Family drama written and directed by Shmuel Hasafi. (Tzavta, Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

MY HUSBAND SHAKESPEARE - One woman show with Maya Finkler. (Hofit, Tzavta, Tuesday at 10 p.m.)

A NEW WAY - An artistic social music show, based on a book by Ella Barkai. (ZOA House, 1 Fitch, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE - Habimah Theatre production. An improvisation on the story. (In Hebrew, English). (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10 p.m.)

ROOMMATES IN JERUSALEM - An adaptation of the play *Flamenco* by Shmuel Amich. (In Hebrew). Presented by Jerusalem Stage. About Jewish-Arab relations. (ZOA House, 1 Fitch, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW - Shakespeare's script, but with a new Hebrew translation by Eliahu Manor, contemporary dress and a gangland milieu. A Beersheba Theatre production. (Habimah, Monday, Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

UNCLE VANYA - By Chekhov. Habimah Theatre production. About courage and hope. (Holon, Kiryat Shalom, Maitz, Sunday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

A VERY USEFUL HUSBAND - Comedy by Richard Harris about a man's relationships with his ex-wife and his girlfriend. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

FREE COUPLE - See T.A. (Haifa Theatre, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE ROTTEN HOUR OF SIX - Local production. Comedy in Hebrew. (Haifa, the attic, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

Beersheba
ENTRANCES - By T.A. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

ELPHANTUS...SHIMELPHANTUS - By the Train Theatre. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11 a.m., noon)

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY - Peter and the Wolf (Prokofiev), Carnival des Animaux (Saint-Saens), Photography. Ramat Har, Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS - Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 4-6. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 6-10. (Ticho House, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

TRAINED ANIMALS - Puppet Theatre for ages 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
THE KING SLEPT OFF TO SLEEP - Musical comedy (Neve Zedek, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY - Entertainment from the TV series (Old Jaffa, Habimah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

RACHEL - Puppet theatre for ages 4 and above. Rachel's magical journey. (Havaron Park, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

SOUL'S BIRD - A combination of acting, dancing and clowning. Based on the book by Michael Shafir. For ages 4-8 (Shafar Cinema, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

SOUL'S BIRD - See T.A. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 4 p.m.)

Beersheba
MUSICAL - Musical theatre about Hallel's childhood. (Beersheba Theatre, Monday and Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

TICKLESH TALKS - Nonsense versions of fairy tales. For children aged 6-8. (Maitz Levine, Monday at 4:30 p.m.)

Jazz - With singer Alia Paniel and her group. (Dvaka Theatre, 23 Jem St., Thursday at 10 p.m.)

99-60-90 TRIO - Entertainment Show. (Kiryat Haim, Supra, tonight at 10 p.m.)

SIXTH HEAVEN - Guitar with Mirel Hershman. (Dvaka Theatre, 23 Jem St., Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE - Hanna Levin presents skits and songs. (Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Others
APPLES OF GOLD - Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Filat, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVIM - South American songs. (Acra, Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE - See Haifa (Ramat, Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

MUSIC

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Jerusalem

MORNING CONCERT - A morning of Beethoven with the Jerusalem String Trio. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:15 a.m.)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Dalia Atlas. With the Hahsimah Dance Company. Works by Bach, Rossini, Debussy, Stravinsky. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, tomorrow)

THE DAVID TRIO - Cilla Grossmeyer, soprano; Shimon Tishler, recorder; Yehuda Tishler, guitar. "Voice Versus Instrument." Baroque and contemporary music. Works by Purcell, Telemann, Bach and others. (Ticho House, tomorrow)

FAMILY CONCERT - "Jazz and Improvisation." The Israel Chamber Orchestra and a jazz quartet. Conducted by Dami Gottfried. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Monday at 5 p.m.)

RENAISSANCE OF THE BAROQUE - "Mozart the Wunderkind," presented by Michael Melzer. Shofar Ad-El, harpsichord; Melzer, lute. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor: Juan-Pablo Izquierdo. Soloist: Shoshana Rudnikoff. Works by Yehudi Glikson, Chopin, Ravel. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, Wednesday and Thursday)

"ETNAHTA" - Yair Klei, violin; Victor Derwent, piano. Works by Enescu, Martinu and Shostakovich. (YMCA, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

FLUTE AND PIANO RECITAL - Yossi Aronheim and Israel Kasorin. Works by Bach, Kreisler, Fauré and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yehonatan, tonight at 10 p.m.)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor: Lior Shambadal. Soloists: Ruth Tabor, soprano; Marianne Prager, alto. Works by Mozart and Pergolesi. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:15 a.m.)

GERMAN BAROQUE CANTATAS - Ensemble of singers with Paul Gerhardt Adam (Germany), counter-tenor. Directed by Gaila and Michael Melzer. Works by Bach, Handel, Telemann, Bach. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA WIND ENSEMBLE - Conductor: Mordechai Reichman. Works by Mozart and Dvorak. (Rehovot, Wix, tomorrow)

BAROQUE EVENING - Haya Livni, violin; Yehochel Shwartz, harpsichord; G. Bar-Sela, mezzo-soprano. Works by Handel, Bononcini and others. (Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Haim, tomorrow)

THE EPIC OF CHOR - Conductor: Maya Shavit. Works by Ravel, Debussy, Haydn and others. Folk songs from Israel, Japan and more. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yehonatan, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

CONCERT/RECITAL - "A Medieval Musical Spectrum," by Paul Gerhardt Adam. counter-tenor, harp, lute and cello. Works by Guillaume de Machaut, Oswald von Wolkenstein, others. (A.M.L.I. Library for Music and Dance, 26 Beit, Sunday)

GERSHWIN - A CLASSICAL COMPOSER? - Lecture-concert with pianist Anna Sella Schick (France). Moderated by Andre Hajdu. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday)

EVENING OF TROMBONE MUSIC - German trombone music from baroque to contemporary. Organized by the Israel Trombone Association. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yehonatan, Monday at 9 p.m.)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - See J'em. (Kfar Sava, Kiryat Haim, Thursday)

Others
FLUTE AND PIANO RECITAL - Eugene Zukerman and Andre Michel Schick. Works by Mozart, Dvorak, Prokofiev and others. (Elin Hod, Jemco Museum, Wednesday)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA 50
Music Director: Zubin Mehta

Jerusalem
PROKOFIEV & RIMSKY-KORSAKOV - Conductor: Zubin Mehta. (Binyanei HaUma, Monday)

Tel Aviv
AFTERNOON RECITAL - Special Rubinstein Centenary Concert. Conductor Zubin Mehta. Daniel Barenboim, piano. Works by Chopin. (Mann, today at 2 p.m.)

YOUTH CONCERT - The story of the IPO. Conductor Shalom Runin-Riklis. Shira Rubin, violin. Works by Beethoven, Luvri, Muhler and others. (Mann, Monday at 2 p.m.)

MAHLER - Symphony No. 4. Conductor Claudio Abbado. (Mann, Thursday)



Matti Caspi sings South American songs (see 'Entertainment').

DANCE

Jerusalem

BATSHIVA DANCE COMPANY - With the Haifa Symphony Orchestra. Works by Gene Hill Sagan, and David Parsons. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

FIVE SCREAMS - By Tzvi-Na Dance Theatre. Movement theatre. Inspired by Miron Kundera's "The Unbearable Lightness of Being." (Khan, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY - Works by Bar. Oren. Music by Zuhari, Ben-Haim. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

NAHMAN - Musical theatre about Hallel's childhood. (Beersheba Theatre, Monday and Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
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ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

THE CONVOY PASSES - With Ronnie Yedidya, singer/songwriter. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD - New pantomime programme with Hanneh Rosenberg. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

FACING EAST TRIO - Steve Paskoff, Gerry Garvel, Jean Claude Jones. Original jazz with an eastern flavour. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

JAZZ - From the Other Side group. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

MA'ATZ BAND - Yemencian electronic rock. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - The Diapora Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - (Israel Centre, 10 Strass, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

ON A LOW FLAME - Avner Strauss presents original guitar pieces, flamenco, jazz songs. (Pargod, Monday at 9:30 p.m.)

"TZIL SHACHEN" - Jazz. (Pargod, Sunday at 9:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

"BOSSES" - Israeli top rock band. Hard rock from '60s and '70s. (Rock Cafe, 92 Herzl Street, every Sunday from 9 p.m. onwards)

EVERGREENS - Singer Jimmy Lloyd; Rick Berman's Jazz Trio. Songs from musicals, the Caribbean, and more. (ZOA House, 1 Fitch, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING - Amikam Kimelman and band. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, tonight at midnight)

MAMI - Rock fantasy. Produced and directed by Hillel Mitzlik. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m. and midnight)

MEIR ARIEL - Sings his songs. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

ON HIS FACE - By Jonathan Giffen. Songs, monologues, improvisations - about conditions at bars. Plus Alon Olschick. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Beit Leissin, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

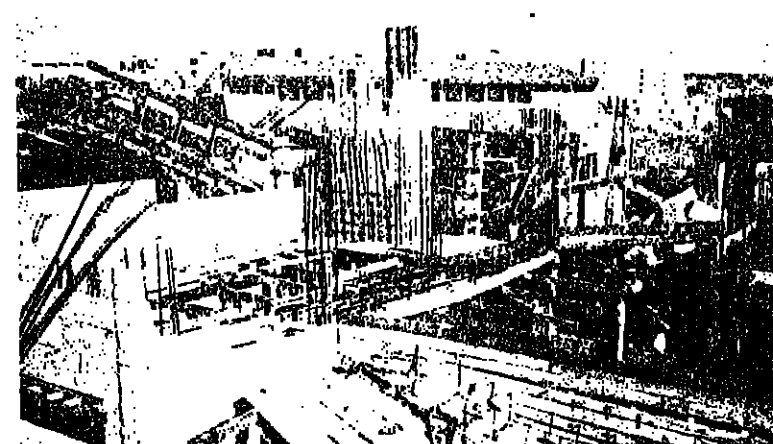
Haifa
BALDI OLIER QUARTET - Spanish and gypsy music (Kiryat Haim, Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 p.m.; Haifa, Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BALEFOOT - Musical theatre on Ben-Gurion's life. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday at 6 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD - See J'em. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tonight at 10 p.m.)



(Above) Zvi Weiss and son. (Below) Ehrenreich's semi-complete villa.



According to Sheinfeld, it is the contractors who built Emmanuel who owe Kochav Hashomron money, and not the other way around.

"First of all, money was wasted on a huge scale by the companies which spent \$350,000 a month just on its own personnel and administration. It was run by non-professionals. But apart from that, the contractors presented the company with exorbitant bills, way out of line of their contracts," Sheinfeld said.

Contractor Matti Lifschitz, for instance, who built the graded rows of villas overlooking the road to Emmanuel, got a very good price for them two or three years ago, says Sheinfeld. "Just look at these houses. They look like a slum. Look at the paint peeling, cracks on the walls," Sheinfeld points out on a tour of the town's more prestigious quarter.

Sheinfeld reports numerous residents' complaints of leaking ceilings, blocked sewage pipes, cracked walls and dampness everywhere, requiring thousands of dollars in repairs for each apartment.

Moreover, Lifschitz is allegedly preventing the habitation of some 100 apartments, the keys for which he refuses to hand over, claiming that the companies still owe him money, says Sheinfeld. "Pipes in the kitchens burst; every time it rains all the children have to be moved to sleep somewhere else because water pours down into the houses. Doors don't close properly...it's a result of bad building materials. When we moved in we got a professional assessor's estimate. It was shocking," continues Sheinfeld, patting a large file full of families' complaints.

A drive through town takes one past the ominous skeletons of apartment buildings - 216 units - abandoned by Solel Boneh when Kochav Hashomron collapsed and contractors stopped receiving payments.

They did not even know that in Ariel and nearby settlements, the ministry pays up to \$10,000 a housing unit and more for roads and infrastructure, he says. Now that the company has collapsed, the ministry is reluctant to allocate funds for the town, although it is obvious that if the town does not develop, it will not survive. The few families living in it cannot afford to pay for the education and health systems, the day care centres and other expenses.

Originally, Emmanuel was planned as a town without motor traffic. Electric trams would move silently along its paths without harming the ecology or polluting the air. Families would order products from the supermarket by pressing a button, without leaving their home.

A cable television would broadcast programmes carefully censored for the good of the community. There would be parks, lakes, swimming pools and a hotel. The residents would make a living from the industrial plants and workshops which were to have been built near the town. Food and matza plants, needing the kashrut seal of a haredi town, were expected to flock to Emmanuel's industrial area.

The *kolelim* in town - of every persuasion - are financed by Margulies, who sends a monthly allotment of some \$350 for each of the ultra-Orthodox men studying in them. But circles close to the receiver are quick to note that Emmanuel was certainly not intended to have lived on *sehnor* and *haluka* (charity contributions from abroad). Forty-five women work in the sewing workshop.

A drive through town takes one past the ominous skeletons of apartment buildings - 216 units - abandoned by Solel Boneh when Kochav Hashomron collapsed and contractors stopped receiving payments.

LONDON. - For a man who works so hard to avoid the public eye, Ephraim Zalman Margulies certainly has a lot of headlines.

The bald, tubby Margulies, head of London's S & W Berisford commodity traders, like so many of Britain's leading Jewish businessmen, has been in the news as a result of the Guinness scandal.

Berisford's, a public company which Margulies is said to run as something of an autocracy, has admitted receiving some £1.5m. "for work in connection with the acquisition of Distillers" - the Scottish whisky giant taken over by Guinness last year - and Margulies last week offered to pay back the money.

The Guinness affair, however, is only the latest in a series of business dealings that have put Margulies in the spotlight. He first made news back in the 1960s when J. H. Rayner, the commodity firm he had built up via some smart investment in exotic markets, was acquired by commodity giant Berisford.

Margulies was given a 17 per cent share in the new parent company, and a directorship. He's had a bumpy ride since then, flying high in the Seventies, but losing height in the early Eighties.

When he joined in 1969, Berisford was worth £4m. Today it is valued at some £500m., and Margulies himself takes home a healthy six-figure salary.

He inspires a fierce sense of loyalty in his employees, trying to maintain a direct input into all his company's dealings, working all hours of the day and night, and giving instructions in a permanently hoarse, low whisper.

He avoids the media like the plague, never gives interviews and, when he must make something public, does so by means of a typed statement rather than a personal appearance.

This attitude has given Margulies the reputation among financial observers as a wily tactician, always up to something.

The son of the late Premizlaner Rebbe, Rabbi Israel Arye Margulies, Ephraim Zalman came to the UK from Poland as a child and almost followed his father into the rabbinate.

Rabbi Margulies established the Kehilat Yisroel in the East End in the 1920s, and was a founder of the North West London Jewish Day School.

Ephraim studied at yeshivot in London and Gateshead, but his appetite for trading - he sold groceries

in London's East End as a schoolboy - finally got the better of him and he opted for a commercial career.

During the boom commodity trading years of the Seventies, Margulies, or "Marg" as he is known throughout the city, used a mixture of instinct and good business sense to build Berisford into one of Britain's highest flying concerns, with a turnover in the hundreds of millions. In the U.S., when the markets failed, commodity companies diversified into financial futures. In Britain it was not so simple, and Berisford's involvement in some 200 trading companies - wool, meat, metals, etc. - became more of a liability than an asset.

Margulies tried to keep profits high by taking an extra financial involvement in the companies he owned, but Berisford was dealt a further blow in 1985 when the tin market failed, costing his company an estimated £30m.

By last summer, London financial experts were speaking of Berisford's imminent collapse or takeover. Margulies's own finances were far from healthy: he had been forced to sell all but one per cent of his Berisford shares.

In the last few months, however, Margulies has ridden the storm by streamlining, and Berisford is set to rake in several hundred million pounds when it sells off its 100 per cent interest in British Sugar.

Margulies spent some £280m. on British Sugar in 1982, and has been offered over £400m. for it by both British sugar refiners Tate & Lyle, and Italian agricultural giants Ferruzzi. Both offers have been referred to the British Monopolies Commission, and a ruling is expected any day.

Margulies, 62, remains true to his ultra-Orthodox upbringing, living in Stamford Hill and donating funds regularly to religious institutions.

His son, Joseph, owns a 58 per cent share in the Kochav Hashomron company building the West Bank religious town of Emmanuel, and when that company ran into difficulties two years ago, Margulies senior did much to smooth matters over.

With typical reticence, however, he has not spoken publicly of his involvement with Emmanuel, stating only that he has taken "a general interest, a charitable interest" in the town's well-being.

DAVID HOROVITZ

Next to them stand white apartment blocks, 258 units, just completed by Sheinfeld and the receiver. Set on top of a hill, there is no path or road from these buildings to the centre of town, supermarket and schools, which are quite a walk away.

The commercial centre consists of a supermarket, bank - Mizrahi, of course - one or two shops, an insurance agency, a jewelry workshop and a butcher shop. Nearby is an impressive, marble-plated, public bath house with wet and dry saunas. There is also a large educational complex, with schools and day care centres. Then the road goes by peeling, crowded villas, with their cracked walls and leaks.

On top of a hill facing the supermarket, in the very choicest location, stands the monstrous skeleton of what seems to have begun as a castle, or at least the home of the "lord of the manor." Frozen in mid-construction, this mass of steel and concrete was to be the 700-square metre villa of Pinhas Ehrenreich, one of the company's former owners.

DESPITE all the hitches and setbacks, the residents seem happy. None of them are bothered by the absence of a regular job or income. Aviva Hahn and her husband immigrated with their six children from Los Angeles three years ago. They bought a home in Emmanuel for \$42,000, but before their apartment was finished, Kochav Hashomron collapsed and all construction ceased. The Hahns were put into one of the "villas" as a temporary solution.

"It was disgusting. The walls leaked, the floor was damp, nothing worked. It was impossible to live there and the contractor refused to make repairs," Aviva said. The repairs in their "villa" were assessed at

\$3,500 due to construction flaws, a phenomenon common to "villa" residents in Emmanuel.

Even before the Hahns left the U.S., they found a reluctance to let them join a haredi community. "We were told we could only live on a moshav, if we wanted a hardy way of life. But when we arrived in Israel, we were told we were too old. Then someone told me of Emmanuel, we came to see it and fell in love."

Only after three years of trials and tribulations did the Hahns finally move into Atar Rivka, the newly completed apartments. "Despite all the problems, despite the fact that it's not what it was promised to be - swimming pools, a park with a lake, a hotel - for us it is the ultimate. I would not raise my children anywhere else."

In the U.S., Aviva was a medical technician. Her husband was a chicken ranch farmer, but wants to be a landscape designer in Israel. He is frustrated because of the unprofessionalism here. People prefer to have Arabs do their gardening cheaply, his wife says. Aviva is trying to publish two children's books, religious, of course.

"There is so much to do for women," she said. "No, I don't feel isolated at all. There are cooking and art lessons, mutual help, ulpan, family. We don't have a television and we have no time for it, anyway." Besides, you can get anything in Emmanuel, even health food. This may be part of the American influence, for

IN THE main section of his book, which numbers only 75 pages, Mueller-Hill fleshes out the points he sketched briefly in the opening chronology.

The first chapter covers the period from the ostracizing of the Jews to the sterilization of the mentally ill. The ideology of the Nazis is easy to describe, he writes. Differences between people are biologically based. That is what determines the characteristics of Jews, Gypsies, the mentally ill and social elements (criminals, the work-shy and alcoholics). All these are inferior and there can be no legal equality between them and superior races and groups.

The anthropologists dealt with the elimination of the inferior non-Germans (Jews, Gypsies, Slavs), while the psychiatrists did the same with German inferiors, such as the mentally ill.

It was an idea born of Hitler's genius. He created the general conditions conducive to the destruction of the "others," without actually formulating the plans. Thus we can see, writes Mueller-Hill, how Germany's bourgeois savants hesitantly but relentlessly progress on the road to the "final solution" of the Jewish problem.

Not all of them went all the way. Those who stood aside, fooled themselves. They really knew nothing of the atrocities and did not want to know. Thus, we get the strange phenomenon of the "blind" internal emigrants, who were still helping those involved in the actual killing.

However, the dream of many anthropologists — to make sexual intercourse subject to official approval — was never realized. But in the area of forced sterilization, big strides were made. In 1934, there were over 62,000 cases of sterilization. The figures for 1935 (72,000) and 1936 (64,000) were not published on Hitler's express orders.

It is estimated that before the war, 350,000-400,000 persons were sterilized. During the war, physicians and judges previously engaged in the sterilization programme were required for the war effort — and also for the killing of those who would earlier have only been sterilized.

THE NEXT chapter is called "From the killing of the mentally ill to the killing of Jews and Gypsies." All scientists and doctors concerned agreed on the need for a law making it permissible to kill mental patients. They got a one-sentence letter from Hitler authorizing them to implement "merciful deaths."

At first, the process was cloaked in the greatest secrecy. But soon it was known to large sections of the population. Judges and prosecutors protested, as accused persons disappeared into liquidation institutes.

There were letters of protest from clergymen and from veteran party members to Himmler. But there is no record of protests by psychiatrists, except for Prof. Ewald.

Naturally, patients lost all confidence in their psychiatrists, and students began to shun the profession. To make up for these losses, the leaders of the profession concentrated on treatment by electric shocks, which promised quick results.

In World War I, doctors recalled, "neurotic" soldiers had sometimes laid down their arms. That must not be allowed to happen again. So soldiers who faltered at the front were stiffened by electric-shock treatment, or "torture by electricity," which they would not want to undergo a second time.

For the small elite of the Luftwaffe, there was psycho-therapy instead of electric shocks. A battle-weary pilot could not be coaxed back into the cockpit by such crude methods.

With the German attack on Russia in June 1941, the Einsatzgruppen



In the second part of his report on the Nazi scientists' influence on Hitler's death machine, Ernie Meyer looks at what became of them after the fall of the Third Reich.

began to shoot Jews, Gypsies and inmates of mental hospitals behind the front. Thus, one SS report says that by November 12, 1941 Einsatzgruppe 6 had shot 800 of the 1,160 patients of the Dnepropetrovsk mental hospital.

Professor Fischer travelled to Paris in order to enlighten French intellectual leaders on the nature of Bolshevism and Judaism, and to convince them of the necessity of the "final solution." According to his printed text he said: "...the morals and actions of Bolshevik Jews give evidence of such an abysmal mentality, that one can only conclude one is dealing with inferiority and an essentially different species."

The anthropologist had come to the realization that the Jews were animals which needed to be eradicated. On July 31, 1941 Goering ordered SS leader Reinhard Heydrich to launch the final solution of the Jewish problem.

The analogy with the Hitler letter which set off the killing of the German mentally ill cannot be overlooked. The euthanasia campaign began shortly after the invasion of Poland, while the organized killing of Jews began after the outbreak of war with Russia.

BUT THE 11 million Jews of Europe (including those of England and other hitherto unoccupied countries) could not be eliminated by shooting. The technology of gas was required. And here Heydrich could fall back on the experience gained in the killing of mental patients by carbon monoxide. Right after the Goering letter of July 31, 1941, which launched the "final solution," Heydrich stopped the euthanasia campaign so that he could employ experienced personnel in the campaign against the Jews. That is why in the early extermination camps psychiatrists in white smocks could be found running about, supervising the killing.

On January 14, 1942, the psychiatrist Dr. Mennecke, who worked in the liquidation institute at Eichberg, wrote to his wife from Berlin: "My darling little wife (Mein liebes Mädelchen)... I now have more information about the changes Miss Schwab had hinted at earlier. Since the day before yesterday a large delegation of our action group, led by Herr Braek, is on duty in the Eastern front-battle zone... the group in-

cludes doctors, clerks and male and female nurses from the Hamadar and Sonnenstein mental hospitals... the group numbers 20-30 persons. It is all top secret."

Using the then current method of killing Jews in gassing vans, SS statisticians figured it would take just short of six years to eliminate all the 11 million Jews of Europe.

The concluding chapter of the book deals with the way some of the anthropologists and psychiatrists saw themselves.

GERMANY capitulated on May 8, 1945 and life went on. Professors Astel, de Crinis, Hirt, Krenz and Dr. Gross committed suicide, a step which their colleagues Clauberg, Heyde (alias Dr. Sawade) and C. Schneider took later when legal proceedings against them were launched (see last week's instalment).

The politically active academics, like Prof. Loeffler, who had worked in the race-political office of the Nazi Party, or professors Abel and Schultz, who had joined the SS early on, found it hardest to return to academic life. But the "pure" scientists, the "good" ones, had less difficulty.

Men like Professor Hallervorden or von Verschuer, who had merely profited from the mass killing, or those who had been advisers to the murder machine, like professors Fischer, Lenz, Mauz, Parse, Pohlisch and Ruedin, rediscovered the advantages of becoming pure, apolitical researchers. They had known nothing and therefore could tell no-

thing. Nobody was responsible for all that had been written and said.

A commission of professors said in 1949 in a testimonial publication about Dr. Mengele and Prof. von Verschuer: "To what extent Dr. Mengele himself was informed about the atrocities and murders at Auschwitz at the time when he transferred blood samples (to Prof. von Verschuer at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin), cannot be ascertained from the existing documents."

The testimonial ends: "It would seem Pharisaical to us if from the vantage point of today's situation (1949), we were to single out for moral condemnation events in the life of a man [Prof. von Verschuer] who honestly and bravely pursued a difficult road and on many occasions proved his noble character. We believe unanimously that Prof. von Verschuer possesses all the qualities that make him fit to be a researcher and teacher of our academic youth."

THEY ALMOST made a cult of their continuing silence and their preservation of the "mystery" surrounding National Socialism.

Thus Professor Fischer wrote in the outline of a letter to his old colleague Professor Muckermann, who took over as director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute department of anthropology in 1945/46: "I admit that I am profoundly upset by what has been revealed. I honestly believed that I was serving ideals and worked on tasks which had also occupied us in the past... Till the last

moment, I had no inkling of the enormities which took place. But that cannot be discussed here."

In 1949 Professor von Verschuer started his last letter to a foreign scientist, Professor Adrian: "I am at me beset about all the terrible things, which are now behind us."

But among themselves, they were less inclined to mince words. Von Verschuer wrote in a letter to the dean of the medical faculty at the University of Frankfurt, where he hoped to regain his former chair: "I thank you sincerely for the 'Persilschein' (a very fitting description) you sent me." (Persil was and is the trade name of a popular laundry powder, which advertises its ability to wash whiter than other products.)

Even Professor Muckermann, who had been dismissed in 1933 and was honourably reinstated after the war, regarded his colleagues tolerantly. He wrote in a preliminary report that Eugen Fischer was again a leading anthropologist in his hometown of Freiburg-im-Breisgau: "Oskar von Verschuer, who has done eminent research on twins, has left Berlin and now heads an institute on human genetics at the University of Muenster. Fritz Lenz has also left Berlin and now teaches heredity at an institute he heads at the University of Goettingen."

Basically things were back where they had been in 1932, before the Nazis came to power.

NONE OF the anthropologists and psychiatrists concerned has written a true account of his scientific activities during the Hitler period. The only comprehensive book, by M. Weinreich, *Hitler's Professors*, (New York, 1946) was never translated and is not available in the library of the University of Cologne.

The only critical treatment of the anthropology of those years is Professor Sallor's *Die Rassenlehre des Nationalsozialismus in Wissenschaft und Propaganda* (The Racial Teachings of the National Socialists in Science and Propaganda). But its author was a young Nazi who clashed with his teachers and with the Gestapo and lost his lectureship as early as 1935. The book caused him to become a pariah among his colleagues in the Federal Republic.

The 1946 book by A. Platen-Hallermund, *Die Töchter der Geisteskrankheit in Deutschland* (The Killing of the Mentally Ill in Germany) was followed by only one comprehensive work in 1980, Doerner's *Der Krieg gegen die psychisch Kranken* (The War Against Mental Patients). Only recently (Hamburg, 1983), E. Klee published his basic work "Euthanasie" in *NS Staat* (Euthanasia under the Nazi regime).

The memoirs of Professor Fischer, *Begegnungen mit Toten, Erinnerungen eines Anatomen* (Encounters With the Dead, Reminiscences of an Anatomist) is a curiously pale book, from which all reality seems to have been filtered out. There is no mention of his fallen son, the Third Reich, the dead Jews.

The German anthropologists, psychiatrists and behavioural psychologists never questioned the validity of their scientific disciplines. Their attitudes were reinforced by their foreign colleagues. Almost all of them considered the events in Germany as the deplorable and terrible aberrations of individuals, or alternatively, as the action of agents of capitalism, with their disdain of human rights.

Thus the international scientific establishment to some extent confirmed the self-image of its German colleagues.

After the war, German science went on largely as it had before. And it will continue to do so, unless anthropologists, psychiatrists and psychologists begin to doubt their disciplines and start to ask questions.

THE PLAY is currently being performed on Broadway, in the West End of London, on tour in the U.S., at the multiracial Market Theatre in South Africa, and in Israel. Productions are also planned for France, Sweden, Japan and Australia; and playwright Herb Gardner does not see all of them. What made him come to Israel, to see the play performed in Hebrew, a language he does not understand?

"I came because — how could I resist it? Israel is the home of Nat, the main character, an old Jew, a man of dreams, who lives at the top of his voice and the edge of his nerves, who believes in a cause. I felt that was 97 per cent of the audience here."

"You can't imagine what it is like for someone like me, from Flatbush Avenue, having known about Israel all my life, to come here to Jerusalem and watch them doing my play about an old Jewish socialist from Lithuania!"

WE WERE sitting on the terrace of the Mishkenot Sha'ananim guest-house, looking across the valley at Mount Zion. Gardner was full of curiosity about Israel.

"What brought you to live here? When did you first learn the facts about the Holocaust? How common is an event like the stabbing of those boys in the Old City? What is the real proportion of religious Jews in Israel? If you had three more days here, what would you do?" he asked.

At times, it was difficult to know who was interviewing whom.

I had first met Gardner, tall, florid, grey-haired, the previous evening, at a reception at the Jerusalem Cinematheque, prior to the screening of his earlier work, *A Thousand Clowns*. He had been rather monosyllabic, making me apprehensive about our interview.

I needn't have worried; the words came pouring out.

"I feel at home here. From the moment I went to the Cameri Theatre and met the cast, I felt at home."

"I grew up in Brighton Beach and at Flatbush Avenue. I don't say it is like Brooklyn in the Forties, but in some of the best ways it is. There is that same sense of involvement, of belonging."

"Every few years we have snowstorms in New York, and suddenly people start smiling at each other, communicating. Here in Israel, I feel it's like that all the time."

When he read about the stabbings in the Old City, he felt for a moment that he was back in New York; but he feels very safe here. Despite the surrounding dangers, he says, Israeli society appears very open and friendly.

He seems amused by the intensity of life here, where people indeed live "at the tops of their voices and at the edges of their nerves." It must, he

thinks, be difficult for writers to "compete with the drama of everyday life in Israel."

GARDNER WAS frankly surprised at the astounding success of *I'm Not Rappaport*, a play about an 80-year-old Jew and an 80-year-old black, arguing on a bench in New York's Central Park.

"I wrote it more for myself than anyone else," he confesses. "I thought it was a very private piece of my own past. I was amazed at the response in a place like London."

Maybe, he thinks, it has to do with feelings about the old. "It's more about that than anything else: the value and dignity of older people." *Rappaport* is a comedy that arouses a great deal of laughter, but it is essentially serious, saying some important things about idealism and old age.

"Comedy is serious to me," he explains. "All comedy is born out of pain. I am a compulsive playwright. I write to keep the ghosts quiet. A

thing haunts me and won't go away until I write it down."

THE IDEA of *Rappaport* came to him as he was working on something else in his office high above Central Park. There were these two old men — one black, one clearly Jewish — sitting on a bench, shouting at each other. They were apparently friends, because they came back day after day. He couldn't hear what they were saying; but he started imagining their dialogue, and that led to the play.

The Jewish character had been in his mind for a long time, a combination of all his uncles, who could "argue as passionately about pickled herring as they did about Trotsky." He smiles. "There were no minor tones," he recalls, "only major ones. I wanted to record them for posterity."

He was flattered when he heard that the distinguished Shakespearean actor, Paul Scofield, was to play the part in London. "It's like a musician



"Pickled herring and Trotsky" — Avner Hitzkiyahu and Moni Moshonov as Nat and Midge

(Photo: Haromy)

COMEDY AND PAIN

Herb Gardner, author of the successful Broadway play 'I'm not Rappaport,' talks to Jerusalem Post Reporter Daniel Gavron.

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He was flattered when he heard that the distinguished Shakespearean actor, Paul Scofield, was to play the part in London. "It's like a musician

having Vladimir Horowitz play his composition," he suggests. But no two productions are the same: London and Israel are different again.

Gardner is full of praise for the Cameri production, for Avner Hitzkiyahu's portrayal of Nat, and for Moni Moshonov's performance as Midge, the black man, but above all for Hy Kalus's direction.

"It's a fine company," he enthuses. "Kalus is as good a director as I've ever worked with; I'd be delighted for him to do any of my plays."

Of the other current productions, he is particularly interested in the South African version. He has never before allowed his plays to be performed in that country; but he felt that a work portraying friendship between a black and a white would be a good idea — particularly when performed in a multiracial theatre.

"The old man, Nat, mentions the Fur and Leather Workers' Union," he notes. "I think that union was the first black-Jewish coalition in the

U.S.; blacks and Jews working together for their common good."

GARDNER IS no stranger to success, although he admits to many failures. "Some of my plays died after the first night," he laughs. "One or two died on the train to New York."

Wanting to be a sculptor or a painter, he studied at two art schools, but did not graduate. He in fact started out as an illustrator, later becoming a strip cartoonist. His strip, *The Nephew*, was syndicated in 60 American newspapers, including *The Chicago Tribune*, *The Boston Globe* and *The Los Angeles Times*. It was also run in *The Observer* in London, where it was called *Gardner's People*, because nobody thought the English would understand the American title.

He quit while the strip was still successful, "because I always wanted to write plays."

His first, *A Thousand Clowns*, was "about quitting." It was performed on Broadway, with Jason Robards in the main role as a television writer, living with his young nephew and trying to resist returning to work on the asinine children's show he had been writing. It was subsequently made into a film.

Robards' character wasn't supposed to be Jewish; but somehow he has Jewish rhythms. "Most of my characters turn out Jewish," says Gardner. "There doesn't seem to be much I can do about it."

His next play, *The Goodbye People*, dealt with a specifically Jewish character, a 70-year-old man who reopens a restaurant called Max's Hawaiian Exotiques.

Then came a movie based on a short story with the improbable title, *Who is Harry Kellerman, and why is he saying those terrible things about me?* Dustin Hoffman starred. A play called *Hoffman* followed, and was also made into a movie.

Gardner is presently working on a new play, but prefers not to discuss it. "I find that work tends to evaporate when you talk about it," he explains.

HIS WIFE, Barbara, joins us on the terrace. She is not Jewish, but she is a professor of religious studies at Hunter College and her husband quips: "I hardly need a guide here."

She is full of praise for the Mishkenot guest-house. It isn't over-luxurious, she concedes, but "they spoil you here outrageously." Gardner adds that he cannot imagine a better place for a writer to be.

We discuss how they should utilize their last days in Israel to the best advantage. I suggest a visit to a kibbutz, maybe Eilat. But they want to save something for next time, "because we will definitely be back."

Barbara points to the view of Mount Zion, the stone buildings shimmering in the midday sun, and suggests: "We could just sit here and look at that."



FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1987

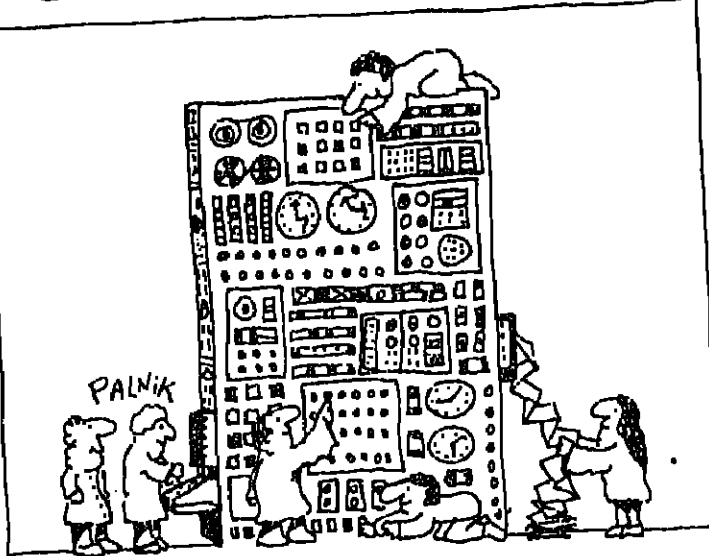


THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE



PAGE ELEVEN

User-sarcastic



In mankind's headlong hurtle to get to the future ahead of its time, our most treasured measure of progress is how much computers improve our wretched existence. There are those sleek, whirling computers with the mind of a Jewish mother's son that can put a man on the moon, but then there are those confounded infernal monsters that just can't seem to do anything right.

One of those rattletraps spewing out cybernetic claptrap in the Interior Ministry in Beersheba woke up stupid one morning recently, just when Ludovic Davidovich was coming by to receive his new identity card. The clanking Beelzebub was the first to wish the 33-year old bachelor *mazal tov* on his being a married man, which, of course, he wasn't, and had never been. Davidovich was less than joyous, especially when the rest of the bureaucratic gearbox got involved. Our bewildered bachelor begged a bored clerk to get the bugs out of his file, but what human could tell a computer it's wrong, right? Dumped into the district manager's office, our Kafka-ized friend was told he was very much married if the computer said so. The local rabbinat thought reconciliation would be a nice idea, but if he was so miserable they would give him what he so badly wanted — a divorce hearing. By now a raving lunatic, the poor fellow threw himself on the mercy of the court, which acknowledged that yes, holy matrimony to a computer error with no wedding photos to show the grandchildren is entirely un-Israeli: divorce granted. Freed at last from his stainless steel sweetheart, Davidovich promptly announced that he would soon wed the other woman in his life, his flesh-and-blood fiancée, this time catered.

The little quirks of Israeli life would be lost to your friends and relatives overseas if they depended on their local papers alone for news of this country. Make sure they're getting the full story, from spooning to spooning. Send them a gift subscription to THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION.

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THE TRADITIONAL cleaning lady, who makes a house shine with a minimum of equipment and fuss, is a vanishing breed. And if she's still around, she charges a pretty penny for her services. In the United States, it has long been acceptable for many comfortably-off households to have no maid at all, but lots of labour-saving appliances. This may be the trend of the future in Israel too.

A colleague suggests another reason for the burgeoning of home appliances here, from dishwashers to microwave ovens: husbands are increasingly taking a share in household chores, and men are particularly fond of using newfangled gadgets to help with the job.

Whatever the impetus, I have encountered two recently-arrived electrical wonders which, if not exactly robots, purport to go a long way in taking the pain out of housework. Both these imported products, one from Italy and the other from the U.S. branch of Hoover, actually threaten the time-honoured Israeli sport of "sponja," i.e., cleaning the tile floors with stick and rag.

The more revolutionary of the new products is the Italian Vapor Sprint, which calls itself *l'angelo del pulito* — the angel of cleaning. It is about the size and shape of an ordinary broom, but works on steam, and claims to clean just about everything in the home, from the floors to the greasy gas-stove burners. It can also be used on carpets, windows, toilets, wallpaper, or virtually any surface which would not be harmed by contact with steam.

Vapor Sprint uses no detergents at all; it cleans purely by the action of steam under pressure — which is familiar, for instance, in cleaning automobile engines at garages, but new to the household. The adaptation for the home is said to have been developed by two professors at Milan University and the product is made by a company called Elwatt in the Milan area, and it has been on the Italian market for about four years.

A plastic container in the Vapor Sprint "broomstick" takes one litre of water. A one-kilowatt element heats the water almost instantaneously, and the press of a button releases a jet of steam, at a temperature of up to 100°C., and at a pressure of one-and-a-half atmospheres. This is supposed to loosen dirt and grease from virtually any surface.

As with a vacuum cleaner, one uses different attachments for various tasks. The dirty water coming out of the appliance must, of course, be mopped up. This is done either with a separate rag, or, in the case of floors, with special terrycloth rags supplied with the Vapor Sprint, which fit over its head.

Locally, the Vapor Sprint is imported and distributed by the new Tel Aviv-based company Home Tech, a subsidiary of the Inbar Electrical Engineering Co. One of the managers, Moshe Jean, told a recent press conference that it has been checked by the Israel Standards Institution for compliance with the general electrical safety standard, No. 900. He says there is no danger of a steam build-up causing an explosion, since steam is formed and instantly released only when the button is pressed. And while theoretically one could get an accidental burn from the jet of steam, Mr. Jean says this is almost impossible, because one's hands operating the device are at the end of a rod nearly 1.5 metres away from the point where the steam is released.

Let it seem that housework is made too easy by the Vapor Sprint, let me point out a few disadvantages. Our top-water in Israel is very hard, because it contains a high proportion of minerals. To avoid clogging up the appliance with mineral deposits, the

Cooks' tour de force



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

importers recommend using filtered water. They sell a special filter for NIS 10, said to be adequate for about 50 litres of filtering, or about two months' regular usage. It is obviously a bother to have to filter water before putting it into the Vapor Sprint. It is also a bother to have to launder the special rags for cleaning floors or other smooth surfaces, such as cupboard doors. In doing a 4x4m. floor, one may have to change the rag once in the middle, the importer admits.

The advantages of the appliance, say the Home Tech people, are a great saving in time and energy, the ability to reach high spots on windows and cupboards, and get into difficult cracks and crevices without resorting to implements such as toothpicks or toothbrushes. The steam jet makes nasty jobs such as toilet cleaning not only easier, but more hygienic, because the steam also sterilizes.

Home Tech says the Vapor Sprint should sell here for NIS 400, but is being offered at an introductory price of NIS 345, in three payments. Each extra wiping rag costs NIS 1.50. The machine is guaranteed for one year, and there are service agencies in Tel Aviv, Hadara and Beer-sheba.

A demonstration of the Vapor Sprint can be seen at any of the electrical appliance shops which carry it, and particularly the Sansur chain, located in the Ramat Gan Canyon mall, at Dizengoff Centre in Tel Aviv, and in Haifa, Petah Tikva and Ramat Hasharon. For other addresses of shops, or for a home demonstration, one can contact the main Home Tech office in Tel Aviv, 03-485681. A contact number for the south is 057-417850, and the Otil shop in Beersheba has the appliance on display.

IF ONE'S AIM is primarily cleaning floors and carpets, a more serious-looking machine has just been introduced to our market by Hoover, a tradename virtually synonymous with floor-cleaning. The U.S.-made "Hoover Floor-a-Matic" is also a more expensive appliance than the Italian newcomer.

Introduced in December by the local Hoover importer, Hosen (of the Koor complex), the first consignment of several thousand Floor-a-Matics has already been sold out, and there is reportedly a full waiting list for the next, at NIS 510 each. Hosen will not yet guarantee a price for future shipments, but any-

one who wants to be informed can leave a phone number with the importing office, 03-210622. There, at 19 Rehov Saudia Gaon in Tel Aviv, I saw a demonstration of how to wash floors, tiled or carpeted, without bending over.

The local importers have nicknamed the machine the *Hoover-hochem* for the clever way it releases clean water for floor-washing, and sucks up the dirty water — a trick the Italian wonder-broomstick does not have.

The Hoover has a double water-bag, one layer inside the other to save space, with the dirty-water bag expanding as the clean-water bag contracts. One uses regular water from the tap, with any kind of detergent.

The water supply is said to be sufficient for about 30 square metres of floor area. The floor must be swept with an ordinary broom before using the machine, however.

The Hoover's brush-surface area is larger than Vapor-Sprint's, which may make floor-cleaning quicker. It comes with a set of brushes and pads for washing, waxing and carpet-cleaning.

If a household has wall-to-wall carpeting and hardly any bare floors, Hosen can offer a cheaper French-made Hoover, which will wash carpets and can polish floors, but does not suck up floor-washing water. It costs NIS 330.

When doing carpet-cleaning with either machine, one lets the detergent dry into a powder and then vacuums it up. That, of course, requires a separate vacuum-cleaner — and Hoover ones today run from NIS 245 to NIS 480.

Hosen sales manager Zvi Cohen has only one caution for local households about the end-to-sponja Floor-a-Matic floor-washer: Never put "economical" (the popular generic term for any ammonia-based bleach) in it, as it will ruin the interior plastic bags. Since bleach is said to discolor floor tiles anyway, there should be no reason to use it.

Hoover agents throughout the country may be able to give a brochure on the Floor-a-Matic, whose model number is 5019, if they don't have one on hand for demonstration. The Tel Aviv showroom does have a show model.

The Hoover floor-washer, says Hosen, has passed the Standards Institution's test for electric safety (Standard 900), though unfortunately the institution gives no inspection emblem to imports. As for electricity consumption, the Hoover Floor-a-Matic is negligible — 270 watts per hour, or less than three average light-bulbs.

MARTHA MEISELS

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1987

"THE JEWS are undoubtedly a race," said Adolf Hitler. "but they are not human." In Art Spiegelman's brilliant *Maus*, the Jews are indeed not human; they are mice. And the Germans are nasty cats and the Poles are stolid piggies. This is the Holocaust done as a comic strip; and if this combination of Primo Levi and *Tom and Jerry* sounds improbable, put aside your prejudices. *Maus* is not a child's teaching tool, but an intricately detailed, compellingly complex and emotionally devastating Holocaust remembrance.

The creator of this work is a cartoonist for *Rate*, a highly-regarded magazine of avant-garde graphics and comics published in New York. He is also the son of Vladek, a Polish survivor of Auschwitz living in the Rego Park neighborhood in Queens with his second wife, also a survivor. The bulk of *Maus* is the personal history that "Artie" draws out from his father as the two sit together in the latter's home.

Vladek's story is that of many Polish Jews of his doomed generation, but he tells it to his son with a novelist's eye for detail and a lack of the exaggerated sentiments these events usually inspire. It begins with his courtship of Artie's mother, Anya, the bright, sensitive and nervous daughter of a wealthy family, and the couple's establishment of a comfortable home in the Polish town of Sosnowiec. Awareness of the coming Nazi terror builds slowly; rumours from Germany, the first appearance of a swastika, and finally the shock of the blitzkrieg.

After narrowly escaping execution as a German prisoner of war, Vladek makes his way back to his family, only to watch helplessly as his parents, in-laws, and young son are taken away from him. Finally, he and Anya are on the run, scurrying from one "mouse-hole" to the other to avoid deportation, until betrayed by Polish smugglers. *Maus* ends with them at the gates of Auschwitz. They are now working on *From Mauschwitz to the Catskills*, the conclusion of their story.

TWO ASPECTS of *Maus* distinguish it from, and raise it above, similar *Shoah* testimonies. One, of course, is the use of the comic-strip format. Spiegelman illustrates his tale with small panels of dense black-and-white drawings that recall both the style of the expressionist German artist Emil Nolde's woodcuts, and George Herriman's classic surrealist comicstrip *Krazy Kat*. There is no attempt made to give the characters any differing facial characteristics, but the dialogue is strong enough to provide each of them with a distinct and separate identity. The result is that while we can still relate to Vladek and Anya as individual victims, we are more aware than ever of

Graphic horrors



MAUS — A SURVIVOR'S TALE by Art Spiegelman. New York. Pantheon Books. 159 pp. \$8.95.

Calev Ben-David

ush it from, and raise it above, similar *Shoah* testimonies. One, of course, is the use of the comic-strip format. Spiegelman illustrates his tale with small panels of dense black-and-white drawings that recall both the style of the expressionist German artist Emil Nolde's woodcuts, and George Herriman's classic surrealist comicstrip *Krazy Kat*. There is no attempt made to give the characters any differing facial characteristics, but the dialogue is strong enough to provide each of them with a distinct and separate identity. The result is that while we can still relate to Vladek and Anya as individual victims, we are more aware than ever of

the unique collective nature of the suffering the Jews experienced on the basis of their race.

The other outstanding aspect of *Maus* is understanding and presentation of the complex emotional web that binds together Holocaust survivors and their children. It is only recently that the children of survivors are emerging as significant figures in literature inspired by the *Shoah*. Until now they have mainly served as stock figures of vengeance in such popular fiction as *The Boys From Brazil*, meting out retribution to the Nazi war criminals who persecuted their parents.

This revenge wish-fulfillment fantasy is explored more seriously in Elie Wiesel's latest novel, *The Fifth Son*. Yet even in Wiesel's hands, the characters of the haunted survivor and the obsessed son burning with the need to know the truth emerge as flat clichés. Far more honest, pain-

ful, and occasionally humorous is the relationship in *Maus* between the sometimes selfish Artie and the demanding, cranky Vladek. The Holocaust emerges here not as some dark mystery of the past, but an immense historical burden that is inextricably woven into the hundreds of normal, even petty, difficulties of everyday life. It intrudes itself into the most inappropriate situations: a tearful 12-year-old Artie runs home after being laughed at by some friends, and his father snaps at him, "Friends? If you look them together in a room with no food for a week, then you could see what it is, friends!"

Spiegelman includes in *Maus* an extract from a comic done ten years earlier, in which he reveals the extreme guilt he suffered after his mother committed suicide. This guilt is inadvertently exacerbated by Vladek's conflicting desires both to expose his son to, and protect him from, the horror that marked him and Anya for life. Artie later learns that Anya kept detailed diaries of her experience, which she had intended to pass on to her son. When he learns that Vladek had burned the diaries in a fit of grief, he screams at his father "Murderer!"

IN MOMENTS like this, *Maus* goes beyond much that is written about the Holocaust. In a recent essay, the critic Irving Howe examined how the awesomeness of the subject intimidates many writers and forces them to approach it with a cure that can inhibit the artistic impulse. He compares it to the mythical Medusa, which cannot be looked at directly, and repeats Theodor Adorno's much-quoted maxim that "After Auschwitz, to write a poem is barbaric."

It follows then that to write a comic book is sheer madness. Yet the Holocaust is a subject that the aesthetic imagination must come to terms with. This may prove too difficult for the generation that experienced that inexpressible monstrosity directly, but *Maus* suggests that their sons and daughters will not hesitate to take up the challenge.

to the rise of modern anti-Semitism, which was later to be fatefully associated with the concept of race.

The case of Wagner is especially instructive, for his anti-Semitism proved ultimately as annoying, and even as harmful, to himself as to his potential victims. In the end he was to become something of a paranoiac. He was convinced, for example, that Davidson, the then-music critic of the *London Times*, rejected his music because of his earlier essay on Judaism in music. Yet Davidson was a Scot, not a Jew, and almost certainly unaware of Wagner's essay. Again, when the Viennese music critic Eduard Hanslick criticized his work, Wagner could find no better reason for this than the critic's alleged Jewish background. When Hanslick responded that his father was of rural origin, the great composer procured the information that Hanslick's mother was Jewish, which for Wagner was sufficient explanation of his critic's conduct. All this, ironically enough, did not save Wagner from the searing indignity of the "accusation" that he himself had Jewish ancestry.

IT IS by no means easy to determine exactly what made the Jew so unacceptable to the modern anti-Semite, or indeed why a secular, emancipated and even a baptized Jew remained a Jew in his eyes. A German rabbi, writing in response to Wagner's notorious essay, *Judaism in Music*, asks rhetorically: "What kind of a German and a Latin race must this be, to let itself be thrown to the ground by these scattered, isolated, despised and hated offspring of a superannuated little Semitic clan?" He noted also that anti-Semitic attacks were aimed not only at the Jews' religion but also at their tribe, and did not distinguish between baptized and unbaptized Jews.

"Here and there the concept of race also surfaces," Katz writes, "without any more far-reaching significance than the fact that Broadway, crossing the city from North to South, is a public domain by biblical law (*de oretha*).

Musical paranoia

THE DARKER SIDE OF GENIUS: Richard Wagner's Anti-Semitism by Jacob Katz. Hanover and London, University Press of New England for Brandeis University Press, 158 pp. No price stated.

Nissim Rejwan

Rubinstein, who in 1872 wrote to Wagner: "I am a Jew. For you that says everything. All those characteristics noticeable in the present-day Jews I too possessed."

Jacob Katz's book is probably the first full-scale analysis to be published of Wagner's anti-Semitism, its context, its development, and its psychological ramifications for the subject himself. But it is much more than that, providing as it does a general portrait both of German anti-Semitism as a whole and of the position of Jews in Germany in the decades following their emancipation.

In a chapter with the challenging title, "The Illusion of Emancipation," Katz presents a succinct account of a bewildering and sorry spectacle. He quotes a German professor of international law who, in a learned treatise, described the formal emancipation of the Jews as a mistake, the product of political shortsightedness. Generally, however, the measure provoked no opposition. "German Jewry seemed to

CORRECTION:

The borough of Manhattan is not a peninsula, as stated in Alexander Carlebach's review of *The Manhattan Error* on January 9, but a full island. The *Error* problems there are due to the fact that Broadway, crossing the city from North to South, is a public domain by biblical law (*de oretha*).

Disjointed wisdom

ADVENTURES OF WIM by Luke Rhinehart. London, Grafton Books. 409 pp. £2.95.

Gidi Shalev

LUKE RHINEHART is crazy. I came to that conclusion when I was fifteen and a friend lent me her copy of *The Dio Alun*. We started playing the game and I got into some very sticky situations. Anybody who could get me into so much trouble with his writing had to be powerful and I decided, crazy. He did, however, give me a phobia about shouting craps.

The next Rhinehart book I read was *Long Journey Back*. End-of-the-world-as-we-know-it stuff, so I was safe.

Then along came WIM or rather, *Adventures of WIM*. The name itself is telling. WIM — turn it upside down — it reads WIM. Look at it through two mirrors, it still reads WIM. Without blowing the entire book, the above permutations have a certain metaphysical importance.

WIM is a Montauk Indian, whose people have existed for centuries by practising invisibility. Their motto: "Brave Men Hide."

His mother, Mary, gets pregnant. You guessed it — sort of immaculately. All 200,000 gods impregnate her one night and WIM is the result.

He's not quite Montauk and not quite human, he's simply WIM. He goes to live with humans and things don't work out. He can't lie, cheat or pretend, so he's out of the game. He does have some Montauk talents such as disappearing and the "zig, zag and zip" which makes him a valuable football player in school.

ONE DAY, thunder speaks to him and sends him on a quest for "Ultimate Truth." U.T. keeps eluding him, but, on his search, he discovers all sorts of truths, half-truths, truisms and other things that make humanity what it is, that is, undesirable. He finally does find U.T.

Here and there Rhinehart throws in little pieces of disjointed but well-intentioned wisdom, in the form of parables: "When WIM was studying with a Franciscan monk he told the Brother that he wanted to cure the human sickness."

"It's not easy," said the monk gently.

"I know," said WIM. "But if I do nothing else with my life I want to help people stop hurting each other."

"It's not easy."

"To help people stop calling other people niggers and commies and Jewboys and dumb Indians and midgets and make them love each other and all be as nice as down."

"I'm afraid that's even harder."

"And to cure Billy Best so he's just as happy after he's lost a game as he is when he wins."

"Ah, WIM," said the monk with a sigh. "There you ask too much of the universe."

Luke Rhinehart is a writer with a nasty sense of humour. He throws a bombshell, and then steps back to write about the reactions. I can see him trying out some of the ideas on his friends (Mary and the 200,000 gods and others), while other situations are old jokes, paraphrased.

The blurb calls this book hilarious and thought-provoking, which is a typical and predictable reaction to a voyeur. Self-discovery and religion can look ridiculous. And *Adventures of WIM* goes for the throat when it comes to hypocrisy.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THIRTEEN

BOR DYLAN took the cute, empty face of pop music in his hands and forced meaning down its throat.

Born Robert Zimmerman to Jewish parents in a northern Minnesota backwater on 24 May, 1941, Dylan changed his name at the age of 20 and headed, with his acoustic guitar, for Greenwich Village. He met the ailing folk-singer Woody Guthrie, and set out, in a sense, to become him.

In September, 1961, Robert Shelton, the author of this biography, wrote a review in *The New York Times* that began: "A bright new face in folk music is appearing at Gerde's Folk City. Although only 20 years old, Bob Dylan is one of the most distinctive stylists to play in a Manhattan cabaret in months."

Less than a week later, Dylan was offered a five-year contract from Columbia Records. This was wind enough, Dylan's sails billowed, and 25 years later he is still afloat on the ever-peculiar pop-chart sea.

The only question any record company ever asks is, "Will it sell?" Somehow, Dylan's overpowering talent and the tenor of the times (Cold Wars, Bay of Pigs, Cuban Missile Crisis) fused in the form of such Dylan classics as "Blowin' In The Wind," "Masters of War," "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'."

In 1965, Dylan dragged his public (many of them kicking and screaming) into an electrified frame of mind by recording "Like A Rolling Stone." In this song, a vintage Dylan lyric was combined with a full-fledged rock 'n' roll band wailing with him in the studio. First released as a single, "Like A Rolling Stone" found its way to the very top of the pop charts. Dylan was no longer considered merely "the voice of protest."

Dylan survived a serious motorcycle accident in 1966, retired from public life for 18 months, and then returned to the wars a decidedly mellower (and much more introspective) individual. He was through being a spokesman for his generation, and was immersed in trying to find himself.

FOR EXPATRIATES wanting to do the British Isles in style, or moon over the haunts of yesteryear, with Israeli-born children in tow, these are helpful and convenient guidebooks to keep in the front of the car together with the Cadbury's Fruit and Nut.

It's all here in impressive profusion: Elizabethan walled gardens and Grinling Gibbons; antique doll-houses and topiary; shire horses at Maidenhead and steam engines at Didcot; "jousting daily except Fridays" at the Tudor mansion at Littlecote, Hungerford and "a reconstruction of the last taxidermist's workshop in the Highlands" in Inverness. (After that one, you may need to recover with "a complimentary dram" at the Glenfiddich Distillery in the Grampians.)

The guidebooks failed the acid test of a critical friend of mine - they contained no mention of his favourite Laurel and Hardy Museum at Ulverston. But they passed my less stringent test, with an entry for my former, local stately home Kenwood, in Hampstead, London with its rolling, grassy slopes and folly bridge, Adam library and glorious paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Gainsborough and Turner - all, thanks to the Iveagh Bequest, free of charge.

The advantage of these guidebooks is that, if you know where you're going and what you want to see, they provide you with the necessary information: driving instruc-

Good intentions



NO DIRECTION HOME: The Life and Music of Bob Dylan by Robert Shelton, London, New English Library, 573 pp. £14.95.

Richard Penniman

BEGINNING TO explore his Jewish roots, Dylan visited Israel several times in the early Seventies. He considered making *aliya* with his wife and five children, and reportedly sounded out more than one kibbutz about becoming a member. For reasons easy to understand, the kibbutzim took fright at the thought of a superstar in their midst. Where Bob Dylan went, the world would surely follow.

Dylan told Theodore Bikel that "Israel appears to be one of the few places left in this world where life has

any meaning." Whether kibbutz rejection soured him or he simply changed his mind, Dylan abandoned the notion of *aliya*.

He continued to record and to look for a spiritual home. In 1978, he converted to Christianity, and his work took on a strong proselytizing tone. He stayed a Christian for three years and three albums, then became disillusioned with several persons who capitalized on the drawing power of their famous convert.

Refusing to relate the specifics, Dylan returned to the Jewish fold, with a vengeance, in 1983. He released a new album, *Infinite*, whose title unambiguously pointed to the Arab perception of Jews in their midst. The inner sleeve of the album has a picture of Dylan bending to touch the earth on a hill looking down on the Old City of Jerusalem. *Infinite* has a song with the wry title,

Neighbourhood Bully, which can only be classified as Zionist rock 'n' roll.

"The neighbourhood bully been driven out of every land. He's wandered the earth an exiled man."

Seen his family scattered, his people hounded and torn. He's always on trial for just being born. He's the neighbourhood bully.

"Well, he knocked out a hunch mob, he was criticized. Old women condemned him, and he should apologize. Then he destroyed a bomb factory, nobody was glad. The bombs were meant for him, he was supposed to feel bad. He's the neighbourhood bully."

Dylan has a flat in Jerusalem, brought his eldest son over for his bar mitzva at the Western Wall, and reportedly studies with Hasidim in New York. This makes him a unique figure among famous Jews in the entertainment business. His Jewish and Israel commitment is not a public relations exercise. Dylan's life and his music have been characterized by painfully deep personal commitment. Whether you view him as a success or a failure (and God knows how he views himself), Dylan's *intention* has always been to give his life meaning.

AS TO Dylan's place in the music world today, consider the Live Aid concert held on 13 July, 1985. A list of the recording artists who took part reads like a pop-star bible, but it was Dylan who "received the honoured position of closing the international spectacular that raised some 50 million dollars for starving Africans."

Robert Shelton's book tells the story, but conveys little of Dylan's impact. I believe it would take a far more talented writer to do him justice. This book is an informative but irritatingly passive account of a wild, aggressive, and greatly gifted artist. Jay Cocks' remark sums him up better: "Bob Dylan not only lived on the margin, he was the margin." □

Woburn revisited

HISTORIC HOUSES, CASTLES AND GARDENS in Great Britain and Ireland. 240 pp. plus maps 1986 £2.95.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES in Great Britain and Ireland. 1987 edition. 171 pp. £2.75.

British Leisure Publications, East Grinstead, ed. Sheila Alcock.

Marcia Kretzmer

tions, opening times and (though not invariably) admission charges. *Historic Houses, Castles and Gardens* includes, as well, 12 pages of road maps.

The snag is that, being promotional material, they do not provide any guidance on what is worthwhile seeing in the time at one's disposal, nor on what should be avoided at all costs.

There is no hint, for example, that Raglan Castle in Wales, billed as "the last truly great medieval castle," is in fact a gaunt - if magnificent - shell with vertiginous ascents to the ramparts. The Botanic Garden in Oxford, described in just seven words, is actually one of the most romantic corners in England and, incidentally, contains the site of a

medieval Jewish burial ground identified by a plaque in Hebrew.

Neither can one guess from the entries that the much-touted Woburn Abbey, for which "admission charges were not available at time of going to press," might fairly be described as a rip-off. Time has mercifully blotted out the whopping admission we paid, only to find that we were expected to pay an additional one inside the house to view the Cmaletos. Genuine treasures were crammed indiscriminately into boudoirs and drawing rooms, fine Elizabethan portraits were indifferently displayed, while the present Duke - an amiable fellow I had nothing against before visiting his home - rather crassly had his personal toilette items laid out for the common her to gawk at.

By contrast, Blenheim Palace, thought to be in the same league, is far superior, and if the children are not up to Vanbrugh's florid magnificence or the exhibit of Churchilliana, they can visit the Butterfly house or, for a fraction of the full admission charge, roam "Capability" Brown's bucolic landscapes instead.

Of course the riches of places like the Victoria and Albert Museum and Kew Gardens boggle description,

which accounts for the laconic entries. Kew, however, is one of Britain's best bargains. For a mere 25 p. - no charge for under 10's - you have the run of 300 acres of magnificent parkland and may even picnic undisturbed on velvet lawns in the shade of majestic trees or next to waterlily-covered pools or a gardener's dream of flowering plants.

Stonehenge, on the other hand, is fenced off completely to protect it from Druid revels and political demonstrations, and, while it can need only a fraction of the upkeep necessary at Kew, charges nearly five times the admission fee.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES contains a useful listing of museums catering to special interests. Devotees of locks, keys and safes, or bells and bell-founding, are directed to the relevant facilities. There are no less than eight museums with sections on witchcraft, including, for some reason, two in West Yorks, at Batley and Keighley.

For those who like to plan ahead, there is a diary of exhibitions taking place in the coming year, including Mark Rothko at the Tate, The General Strike at the National Portrait Gallery, and one called *The Way We Were* at the London Museum. From February, the Bronte Parsonage in Haworth, Yorkshire, is putting on an exhibit called *Furious Politicians* which may attract those who haven't had enough of them in Israel. □

Walking the dogma back home

ROLES FROM THE BLUE by Rabbi Lionel Blue, London, Hodder & Stoughton, 159 pp. 16.95.

Ralph Amelan

SOME PEOPLE regard religion as a grimly serious business, with the emphasis on grim. Even the meticulous observance of their chosen faith gives them at best a gloomy pleasure, yet it is the one form of pleasure they are unwilling to forgo.

They would not welcome the following advice: "If you can't find God, then just stop running, give him a chance to do the work instead and let him find you... relax in your chair with a cake and cuppa, stop forcing and wait and see what happens. It's possible God gets more pleasure if you are comfy not conformed when He speaks to you. After all, you are supposed to be fond of each other, you know."

It is not easy to read this collection of short talks and articles without becoming very fond of Rabbi Blue. The minister of a London Reform congregation, he is a frequent contributor to newspapers and radio programmes, and has authored works on theology and cookery - a combination which Rabbi Blue makes seem both natural and logical.

For a book designed to have popular appeal, there is remarkably little folksiness. Rabbi Blue makes his impact by writing on subjects that concern him, not on subjects that he thinks concern, or should concern, his audience. Thus there is much about prayer, or "kneecrack" as he calls it, his dog, interfaith meetings, his family, and the problems of being a congregational rabbi.

Jokes, some of considerable antiquity but none the worse for it, and neat asides abound. One wry remark at the end of a piece on religious intolerance goes: "We know we worship the same God. You just pray to Him in your way, and I'll pray to Him in His." And he records the remark of an elderly Christian lady in need of a place to pray. On being reminded that she could pray on the spot, given God's omnipresence, she replied, "Young man, certainly God is the same everywhere, that is well known, but I am not and I need a chapel."

YET! Rabbi Blue rarely fails the reader in doing something that not every religious leader can do: unite faith with decency. Take the following passage. The sentiment may not be original, but it is true, and admirably expressed.

"We do not try to change ourselves (to bridge the gap between man and God) because that is too demanding; we try to change the nature of religion, to distort it for our own purposes. God becomes the extension of our own prejudice. We defy our own limitations, and make our meanness cosmic."

Meanness is especially repugnant to Rabbi Blue: he quotes approvingly a teacher of his who said, "Religion is the art of giving freely, without strings." This sums up his approach more than anything else. For now I will follow his advice about making myself comfortable with cake and cuppa. Even if no divine call comes, I will still have enjoyed a pleasant break. Cake, cuppa and book warmly recommended.

Irresistible mix

IN SOME WAYS, *Fine* is an outrageous book - as ribald as Rabelais ("The lawn itself, freshly mown, gave off a quintessential spring scent: chlorophyll and dog-turd"). It is crammed with psychiatric jargon but sparkles with real wit ("as if for Fine despair was the best thing since blintzes") and deep sentiment ("like the lines of grief that push through the skin of new widows").

Fine (a psychiatrist with Freudian convictions of course) has met and married a beautiful girl who wants to be a stand-up comic. He himself is experimenting with grasshoppers because he believes that calcium increases intelligence. He sucks "Finestones" (shades of Samuel Beckett's Molloy?) and gives them to others too.

You may skip a few pages but you won't abandon the book. *Fine* has brilliant patches, exuberant inventiveness, fascinating glimpses into psychiatric thinking and treatment. For this one can forgive some boring repetitions and extravagant absurdities. The ingredients are, after all, irresistible: love, madness (of course), unconventional relationships and multiple murder.

IN ORDINARY circumstances, Clare Nonhebel's *Cold Showers* might have been a sad novel. It involves a young widow who cannot shake off memories of her happy married life. Yet the author's sense of seeing the funny side of things - even buying in a supermarket - turns the tale into comedy.

Told in the first person, the story reads like a diary or confessions to a close friend. The reader soon becomes one. The widow's heartache is tempered by her humour. The efforts of her friends to help her forget her grief - and the strange

FINE by Samuel Shein, New York, Dell Books, 320 pp. \$3.95.

COLD SHOWERS by Clare Nonhebel, London, Grafton Books, 284 pp. £2.50.

THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER by Howard Fast, London, Coronet Books, 321 pp. £2.50.

HERITAGE by Lewis Orde, London, Corgi Books, 414 pp. £2.95.

Dora Sowden

ways they choose to do this - and her own attempts to adjust to life make for lively reading.

The times are our own - or nearly - with the permissiveness that brings frustration. Like others around her, Cathy did not cherish her virginity before marriage but her loss of the husband she loved has brought on a kind of frigidity. She drinks as profusely as the people among whom she moves, and sometimes gets drunk through sheer sense of loneliness. She has to eat often because of low blood sugar. Yet there is more romance and reality in all this than in weightier books.

The author was joint winner of the Betty Trask Award for this novel, her first. She really deserves a whole prize.

OF COURSE, Howard Fast is an experienced writer who has written many kinds of novel. His style is famous for its sinewy directness. His dramatic gift, his titling against the world's injustices, and his tendency to grow sentimental are all ingredients in *The Immigrant's Daughter*. Yet he seems to be scraping the bottom of the barrel a good deal of

A thrill a minute

JAMES CLAVELL'S latest, *Whirlwind* (Hodder and Stoughton, £12.95), was timed beautifully, though no doubt, like its predecessors - *Shogun*, *Tai-Pan* and *Noble Wind* - it would have sold well in any case.

Clavell appears to be moving steadily eastward and forward in time. *Whirlwind* is set in Iran, 1979, with Khomenei, the mullahs and the barbarian fundamentalist mobs liquidating the tinsel kingdom of the Peacock Throne.

Clavell cleverly zooms in on the tribulations of a European oil-affiliated helicopter company and its pilots, their families, mistresses and friends against the backdrop of a nation in revolutionary turmoil. This enables Clavell to take on the country - Teheran, Isfahan, Bandar-E Delam, Kowiss, Zagros, Tabriz - and to move deftly from scene to scene: Khomenei's arrival at Teheran airport, Revolutionary Guards street riots, counter-revolutionary assaults.

The confusion and fanaticism of the mass upheaval comes across well.

But the foreground is marred by cardboard characters and often shoddy writing, and the dialogue is crude and obtuse.

FAR BETTER is Martin Sylvester, a new scribbler on the scene, whose first novel, *A Dangerous Age* (Michael Joseph, £10.95), successfully combines a light, often witty touch with convincing action.

William Warner, a wine mor-

Benny Morris

chant, is embroiled in Porton Down secrets and hunted down by Ministry of Defence gunmen. Why? you may well ask, and, understandably, so does Warner, from the moment "the second bullet snapped the granite wall eighteen inches from my ear" (at the very beginning of the book). The hunt and secrets take us across Dartmoor to Bordeaux, with death and assorted mayhem and innocence abroad marking every turn.

I FOUND Thomas Maxwell's *Kiss Me Once* (Mysterious Press, \$16.95) a reasonably good first try with some fine *roman noir* passages and characterization. Italian and Jewish gangsters, blonde molls, football players, Nazis and New York politicians mingle in a 1940s story, with Pearl Harbour and U-boats in the background. There's even a character called Reagan.

Maxwell knows how to write. The shoot-out scenes on the beach and the finale in the cabin are fast and furious. But he should get a good editor to cut the too-numerous dead patches.

WHY SHOULD an Egyptian secret serviceman be called Daniel Gad? It beats me. That's what Desmond Meiring calls his hero in *A Talk with the Angels* (Methuen, £2.50). Gad tracks a rather brutal Moslem fundamentalist underground through Cairo's teeming streets.

the time.

It isn't that the family ramifications are confusing - though four volumes about the Lavettes and the Levys have preceded this one. Whether or not you have read *The Immigrants*, *Second Generation*, *The Establishment*, *The Legacy*, a family tree is thoughtfully provided and anyhow the story of Barbara Lavette-Cohen-Devion is quite clear. She is beautiful, has had her loves, and even at the age of seventy resumes a career as foreign correspondent which takes her to San Salvador and the horrors of "that damned land." She returns to campaign against the (nuclear) bomb.

Despite the names, this is not a Jewish story. Internarration has intervened. The immigrant's daughter, once a Mrs. Cohen, speaking to her sister-in-law, now a Mrs. Levy, remarks: "You know the thing about Jews which we all have whether we will admit it or not, and especially in our family where it has been like a thread running through both our lives."

IT IS almost a fashion these days to introduce Jewish characters into novels, whether their Jewishness is relevant or not. What makes the principal characters of Lewis Orde's *Heritage* Jewish is merely that they were born so, escape Nazi persecution, arrive in England, live in the East End, and marry into families with Jewish names. That's the sum of their Jewishness.

Lazar, the eldest of the three Boruchowicz, has killed a Nazi, and his family takes flight. In the course of time, Lazar becomes the owner of shady gambling clubs, and Shmuel a wrestler. Leuh first marries a gangster (Jewish), then a police officer (non-Jewish).

Orde is a good storyteller and packs a lot of incident into this thriller, but he lacks style, the characters are pasteborded, and what their "heritage" is remains obscure. □

Meiring has done his homework: He has read up on or knows Egypt and the shadowy world of Islamic terrorism. The action convinces, and the dialogue is readable, though Meiring indulges in too much landscape description. The book ends with a strong assassination scene.

David Monaghan's *Smiley's Circus* (Orbis, £9.95) is a useful "guide to the secret world of John le Carré," as its subtitle puts it. And why not? Dissertations have been written on the 20th century's spy-master, and now Monaghan provides a key and guide.

He has some short chapters about the main plots and action in the le Carré oeuvre, and then devotes the bulk of his book to an alphabetical "Who's Who, biographies of people, places and particularities in the secret world of John le Carré."

Here are a couple of examples: "Collins, Sam - After taking an unexpected first at Cambridge, by cheating, according to rumour, Collins joins the Circus in 1953 as Haydon's nominee... Five years in Borneo are followed by six in Burma, five more in Northern Thailand and three in Laos... Collins's most characteristic features are his black moustache and the brown cigarettes which he smokes continually. In 1973 when he is about fifty, Collins shows signs of greying... At this time, his manner is friendly and his smile is warm... [but he has a] tendency to exploit women sexually [and eventually causes into]... a grovelling sycophant..."

"Rudnev - Head of the Thirteenth Directorate branch of Moscow Centre for some ten years until 1955 when he was outmaneuvered by Karla." And so on.

Multiple choice

THE FIFTH COLUMN
Matt Nesvicky



SECTION 1 - Current Events. Circle the letter of the phrase that best completes each sentence. You may not erase. Begin when the bell rings. You have 30 minutes. When time is up, turn your papers over. Good luck.

1. Ernest Japhet retired as head of Bank Leumi because

A. he was disgraced by criticism in the Bejski report.
B. it was a neat way to reduce his alimony payments.
C. he heard there was an opening for State Comptroller.
D. he had thousands of reasons to go on pension.

2. In regard to the Leumigate scandal, Arye Dulzin

A. was aware of the situation but not responsible.
B. was unaware of the situation but irresponsible.
C. was fully responsible, but unaccountably unaccountable.
D. has terrific eyebrows.

3. The hospital workers went on strike because

A. they had run out of patients.
B. working for such wages can be hazardous to your health.
C. the nurses always got all the chocolates.

D. nature could then reduce the overcrowding in the geriatric wards.

4. We need more settlement in the West Bank

A. to affirm our rights throughout the Land of Israel.
B. to enhance security on both sides of the Green Line.
C. to relieve overcrowding in the coastal plain.

D. like a third nostril.

5. Prime Minister Shamir favours territorial compromise

A. if he is speaking to a foreign news service.
B. if the PLO renounces terror.
C. if King Hussein is willing to negotiate.

D. if hell freezes over.

6. The Supreme Court should

A. overrule the justice minister and extradite Nakash.
B. overrule Nakash and extradite the justice minister.
C. declare Nakash a national hero and award him a Japhet-size pension.

D. adjourn for lunch.

7. Mayor Lahat should wear a skullcap

A. whenever Bible lessons are taught in secular schools.
B. during benedictions at public functions.
C. whenever he enters a synagogue.

D. firmly over his mouth.

8. Ariel Sharon

A. has a history of leading lambs to the slaughter.
B. I mean on his ranch, of course.
C. where he raises sheep, you understand.
D. is probably going to sue me for every cent I've got.

9. According to Cardinal O'Con-

nor, the Holocaust was a gift to the world because

A. suffering is good, especially when Jews do it.

B. suffering purifies, especially those who are impure.

C. suffering is morally uplifting, especially to the casual observer.

D. such presents we could do without.

10. The best argument for a second TV channel is

A. the need for a competing news service.

B. the need for a greater variety of entertainment.

C. the need to expand educational and cultural programming.

D. Meni Pe'er.

11. Shoshann Miller has proved herself a typical Israeli by

A. fighting for her rights in court.
B. refusing to be browbeaten by the authorities.

C. upholding the principles of individuality and independence.

D. you said it, I didn't.

12. The rain

A. is good for the farmers but bad for the sandal manufacturers.

B. is good for the Kinneret but bad for beach chair concessionaires.

C. is good for the aquifers but bad for the tourist trade.

D. is good for the Jews but enough already.

13. In order to demonstrate its worth, the Lavi jet-fighter should

A. go into full production.
B. be tested in combat.

C. prove its mettle against the MiG-23.

D. try a few bombing runs over the Pentagon.

14. The government devalued the shekel because

A. the dollar was falling while all other dough was rising.

B. gold was losing its lustre and lead was sinking.

C. imports were important and exports were exportant.

D. it likes to remind you now and again who's the boss.

15. By reducing tariffs on EEC imports

A. somehow everything is going to cost you slightly more.

B. somehow everything is going to cost you a lot more.

C. somehow we can get Swiss chocolate at Israeli prices.

D. somehow they expect Israelis to afford Israeli prices.

16. Judy Zimmet is demanding to see Mordechai Vanunu because

A. she wants to know if he really worked at Dimona.

B. she wants to know if he sold nuclear secrets.

C. she wants to have him end his hunger strike.

D. she wants to have a word or two about this Cindy.

17. Troops are deserting the South Lebanese Army because

A. the academic year is beginning in Beirut.

B. they have to go home to tend the crops.

C. Israel has threatened to tax their car allowances.

D. they get shot at.

18. Seat-belts are not mandatory for city driving because

A. the government is reluctant to interfere in the lives of the public.

B. the government is reluctant to interfere in the deaths of the public.

C. seat-belts restrict the right to make obscene gestures at other drivers.

D. seat-belts inhibit the ability to litter.

19. Social conscience is to Knesset Members as

A. bacon is to Bnei Brak.
B. Charlie is to Geula.
C. chickens are to flickers.
D. teeth are to hens.

20. The Israeli economy is based on

A. the CoL.
B. the GNP.
C. the IDF.
D. the IOU.